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Pro-Slavery.

In this Department we give place to such extracts from the Pro-Slavery Press, North and South, as serve best to illustrate the character of Slavery and the spirit of its champions and apologists.

OUR COUNTRY'S GREATEST SOURCE OF DANGER.

INTERVIEW BETWEEN HENRY CLAY AND REV. DR. HILL, OF LOUISVILLE, KY.

From The Pacific Expositor.

A FEW weeks prior to the death of the Hon. Henry Clay, when he passed through Louisville, on his way to Washington, at the request of a Methodist minister from one of the Northern States, who had never seen the great statesman, we called with him to see him. He was quite feeble, and spoke of his death as a probable event within a few months. He stated that nothing but a deep and abiding conviction that the union of the States was in imminent peril could have induced him, in his state of health, to leave the quiet of his own home and go back to the Senate, the seat of so many of his struggles and great achievements. The opinion was expressed by one or both of us that the danger of disunion was greatly over-estimated; and that if it ever came to the test, it would be found that there were very few who would be mad enough to rush into disunion, either in the North or South. He shook his head ominously and replied: "Gentlemen, if I have studied anything, it is the genius and spirit of the American people, both in the North and the South, and I tell you there is danger. There is a spirit rising up in both sections of this Republic which, if not speedily quelled, will bring about a severance of the Union of these States, not in two, but into half a dozen little petty Republics, or despotisms, as the case may be."

It was replied that on several former occasions the North and the South had been arrayed against each other in bitter hostility, but that the hostility had died away and the parties restored to more than their former friendly relations. "*Ah*," *said he*, "*that was before the rise of modern abolitionism. Fanaticism cannot be controlled, and especially religious fanaticism.* The Churches of the country then stood together, and in their great annual assemblies they drew the bonds of union and brotherhood together. Now most of them have been rent asunder, and they are acting as dividers rather than to bind the country." Said he, "Gentlemen, you are both of you ministers of the gospel, and I tell you that this sundering of the religious ties which have hitherto bound our people together I consider the greatest source of danger to our country. *If our religious men cannot live together in peace, what can be expected of us politicians, very few of whom profess to be governed by the great principles of love?* If all the Churches divide on the subject of slavery, there will be nothing left to bind our people together but trade and commerce. That," said he, "is a very powerful bond, I admit; but when the people of these States become thoroughly alienated from each other and get their passions aroused, they are not apt to stop and consider what is for their interest. It is against the interest of both parties, in every contest, to go to war; but nations constantly do it, notwithstanding that fact. It is against the interest of men to fight duels; but they often do it when they know that ruin both to themselves and families stares them full in the face. So," said he, "men will fight, if they consider their rights trampled upon, even if you show them that ruin to themselves and families will be the probable result. Besides, in times of high excitement, the violent men on both sides get the control of matters, and moderate men are thrown in the background, and their counsels go unheeded."

Finding that the venerable statesman had exhausted his strength in talking, we arose to bid him adieu, as we supposed, for the last time upon earth. He shook the hands of both of us, and said, "*if you preachers will only keep the Churches from running into excesses and fanaticism, I think the politicians can control the masses.* BUT," he added, "*yours is the hardest task; and if you do not perform it, we will not be able to do our part. That I consider the greatest source of danger to our country.*"

THE LONDON TIMES ON CHARLES SUMNER.

From The Times of June 19th.

ALTHOUGH the great events which are now occurring in Europe receive and deserve our incessant attention, it is impossible not from time to time to turn our eyes to the New World, where problems are to be solved that nearly affect ourselves. It is a part of the destiny of this country that, from its world-wide dominion and universal interests, the concerns of no State are indifferent to it. A Frenchman or a German may concentrate all his attention on what is passing at Palermo, for he has hardly any relations with the world beyond the Atlantic or south of the Equator; we, however, are continually reminded that we are not only a European power, and must sometimes forget the revolutions and intrigues of Europe in observing the career of our own race in newly-settled regions of the globe. Perhaps the most important foreign question for England is that of American slavery. Our relations with the United States, through trade and community of origin, are so close that it is impossible their moral condition should not affect our own. The rivalry which exists between the two countries makes it difficult to discuss any international subject without the chance of giving umbrage, and yet the feeling of Englishmen regarding slavery is such that even travelling in the Southern States, where freedom of speech may be dangerous, they cannot forbear inveighing against the "domestic institution." We have the greatest interest in the decay of this mighty evil. The reputation of this country for wisdom is at stake, for the negroes of the West India colonies were emancipated not only on the ground of humanity, but on the calculation that free labor was more productive than that of slaves. These islands still lie at the threshold of the American Republic, and if the stars and stripes shall ever float over the walls of Mexico and Havana, the British Antilles will be exposed to all the influence of a pro-slavery propaganda. How important, then, is it for us that before those great territorial accessions which seem inevitable actually take place, the system of slavery shall have been modified! That it will come to an end in our time is, indeed, not to be hoped; but that the South should be induced to acquiesce in the principle that slavery is an evil, and ought to be abated, is what every man of humanity ought to desire and work for. Some beginnings of emancipation, some preparation for a gradual change, are not beyond the hopes even of those who have been depressed by the recent legislation of the Republic, and the boldness with which the most extreme opinions are avowed by the Southerners. If such a change were promised, we should see with less uneasiness the progress of American dominion, and not regret that the extension of our language and religion diffused over a larger area the degradation of a subject race.

Whenever there is a lull in the storm of discussion which rages between North and South, we begin to hope for some good in this matter. The freedom of Lombards or Sicilians may be worked out by the sword, and there is no finer spectacle than that of the bold man who makes war against the tyranny which crushes his countrymen. But the African will never be saved by such means. He is too low to rise up as his own deliverer, nor would humanity gain by the substitution of negro anarchy for the present social institutions of the Southern States. The white man must raise him by the aid of white men, and, above all, by the aid of his master. The politician who endeavors to set hatred between different classes of Americans on this subject, who encourages the negro to look to violent means for his deliverance, and fills the owner with increased dread of bloody reprisals by his bondmen, is an enemy to the cause in which he pours forth his acrimonious eloquence. John Brown himself has not done more harm to the cause of abolition in Virginia than a man like Mr. Sumner, when he drives the Southern Senators to fury by such a violent and uncalled for philippic as our American correspondent notices to-day.

It was some years since Mr. Sumner had raised his voice in the assembly to which he belongs. The results which followed his onslaught on slavery are still in the remembrance of every one. In 1856, when the Union was agitated by the contest between Buchanan and Fremont, and party spirit was at its highest, Mr. Sumner delivered an anti-slavery speech almost as strong as that of the other day. A Mr. Brooks, a member of the Lower House, exasperated by Mr. Sumner's language, and perhaps urged on by rowdy friends, ferociously assaulted him while he was sitting quietly in his chair, and inflicted such injuries as endangered Mr. Sumner's life and forced him to retire for a time from public affairs. Brooks has since gone to his account, and we need say no more of him; but the Senator from Massachusetts has not learnt temperance of language from the incident which nearly ended his days. The speech which produced the assault was offensively acrimonious, but the last one seems entirely to overtop it. The Southern gentry pride themselves on the possession of high and what are called "chivalrous" qualities. Mr. Sumner, knowing this, makes an oration on the a man has a right to stigmatize as barbarous those who defended and even praised his would-be murderer; but Mr. Sumner ought to know that it is immoral as well as unstatesmanlike to provoke men of violent temper, and that by so doing he only presses down the yoke still closer on the neck of the slave. But he puts himself forward as if purposely to aggravate his opponents. Every sneer, every cutting epithet, every provoking insinuation which he can call up, he uses for the purpose of galling his antagonists. "Slavery must breed barbarians," he observes; "it develops everywhere alike, in the individual and in the society of which he forms part, the essential elements of barbarism." "Violence, brutality, injustice, barbarism, must be reproduced in the lives of all who live within their fatal sphere." The master "shares the barbarism of the society which he keeps," and so on.

We must, in the name of English abolitionism at least, protest against these foolish and vindictive harangues. Scarcely has the frenzy caused by John Brown's outrage begun to die away, than out comes Mr. Sumner with a speech that will set the whole South in a flame. We can well believe that the prospects of the Republican party have been already damaged by it. Mr. Sumner is one of that class of politicians who should be muzzled by their friends. The man who can in personal irritability so forget the interests of a great cause is its worst enemy. Slavery existed on the American continent long before the assembly of which Mr. Sumner is a member. On it depends, or is supposed to depend, the prosperity of half the Union; the looms of Lancashire and Normandy, as well as those of Mr. Sumner's own State, are supplied by slave-grown cotton, and hundreds of millions of Northern dollars are vested in slave-worked plantations. Slavery, with its roots thus deep in the soil, is not to be rooted up by any peevish effort of rhetoric; and we may predict that the man who first gains a victory for the cause of abolition will be of very different temper to the Senator from Massachusetts.

LETTER FROM A SOUTHERN CLERGYMAN.

From The Philadelphia Christian Observer.

THE letter, which we subjoin, from the Rev. William C. Dana, Pastor of the Central Presbyterian Church, Charleston, S. C., was in reply to one requesting him to address the meeting in behalf of the Southern Aid Society, held during the late anniversary week in Boston. The Hon. Horace Maynard remarks, in a note to *The Presbyterian Witness*, in words which we can appreciate, from personal acquaintance with Mr. D.: "The writer was one of my early teachers, and one to whom, in some respects, I feel more deeply indebted for the turn given to my education than to any other. As you would infer from this letter, he was at that time very young, but as I now remember him, he was one of the most learned men for his years, and certainly one of the best men that I have ever known. His remarks upon the vexed subject of slavery are those of an intelligent Christian gentleman of Northern birth, and addressed to Northern men. As such, I think they will have an interest for you and the readers of *The Witness*. The letter is taken from the Boston *Courier* of June 7th.

CHARLESTON, S. C., May 17, 1860.

REV. AND DEAR SIR: I am unable to be in Boston at the time of your anniversary, and must therefore excuse myself from complying with the invitation which you have so courteously tendered. This I should the more regret, if I felt more adequate to the occasion. But anything that I could say within brief limits, on such a theme, in such a locality, would be like a drop of rain falling into the ocean. In the success of your efforts I feel deeply interested. The Southern Aid Society takes the Great Commission as it stands, "Go ye into all the world, and preach the Gospel to every creature." Its special aspect toward the South arises simply from the limitation which others have given to the universal terms of the mandate. What some religious organizations have set themselves to destroy, and others can only indirectly favor, this Society directly and actively promotes, viz.: the *fraternal coöperation* of Christians at the North and South, in advancing *Christianity*.

"Fair as the star, when only one
Is shining in the sky."

At the age of twenty-two I left New England, through ill health, to spend, as I supposed, a single winter at the South. Most unexpectedly, Providence appointed my residence here. I have, of course, watched with deep interest the progress of that sectional agitation which, plainly enough, tended to no good, and as to which, whether it has reached its maximum, or has yet greater evils in store, who can tell? The late Convention in this city was an index of something more than the fortunes of a political party. And all this portentous mischief, helped forward, too, by so many religious men, results, as far as honest minds are concerned, not from the antagonism of changeless principles, but simply from the unchecked supremacy of local influences.

I suppose that many worthy persons, having before their eyes highly-colored pictures representing Southern society about as truthfully as a picture of the Five Points would represent New York, reason thus: "1st, slavery is the sum of all wickedness; 2d, *therefore* the Scriptures *cannot* permit it; 3d, *therefore* they *do* not." If now these logicians should live long enough at the South to see things just as they are—to exchange early associations with a *name* for accurate knowledge of facts; if they should see true religion in as beautiful forms here as under other skies; if they should find among those on whose hands Providence has thrown numerous humble dependents, as much uprightness, honor, nobleness, benevolence, as much solicitude to act justly in all things, as characterize good men in all regions—they would begin, at least, to doubt whether the relation of master and servant necessarily involves oppression and injustice; and they might gradually even come to think that the apostle Paul was not altogether absurd in exhorting "masters to give unto [their] servants that which is *just* and *equal*," whilst still those servants were to "obey" their masters "in all things;" so that *justice* was not *emancipation*.

Popular sentiment in New England as to slavery would be just the same as it is at the South, if circumstances were the same. If half the population of Boston—of Massachusetts—were of African descent, would they be equally represented in the Legislature? would they be admitted to perfect social equality with the white race? The notion of the *equality* of all men of all races—of the equal capacity of all races for self-government, would then very soon be discovered to be an offshoot, not of Christianity, but of French Red Republicanism. If the two races could not live together on terms of perfect *equality*, then there must be *subordination* of one to the other. Soon it would be found that a black population like that at the South must be cared for as *minors*. Some system of *apprenticeship* would seem best for them and essential to the peace and good order of society. And though the name of slavery might be utterly repudiated, the actual condition would be immeasurably more undesirable. This may not seem credible to those who have not lived at the South. But those who have will need no argument on the point. Slavery is doubtless an evil, just as poverty is. A good man would naturally wish to alleviate the ills of both. But how to make rich millions that were born poor—how to make free millions that were not "free-born"—is a question of some magnitude. To rid them of the evil of slavery only to plunge them into greater evils, would hardly be worth while, even if the matter were wholly at our disposal. Christian teachers here think it a safe method to treat slavery *just as the Apostles did*. They think the most effective means to secure the temporal as well as spiritual good of all, is the diffusion of that Christianity which teaches and prompts just and kind action from all to all—whether superiors, inferiors, or equals. This good work the Southern Aid Society proposes to help forward. It is true, as you remark, that the church organization with which I am connected "does not particularly need its aid;" but I not the less rejoice in the prosperity of a society which originated in the noblest promptings, and has had a singularly honorable history. Be pleased to return my thanks to the Executive Committee for the invitation with which they have honored me. It would give me true pleasure to aid so good a cause by any service in my power. The opinions, as such, of a single individual, can have but slight claim to consideration. The best apology I can offer for touching so worn a subject is, that my sentiments in respect to it are the result of a careful examination, many years ago, of every passage bearing on it in the Scriptures—and that they are the sentiments of one who has no property that it would give him *any trouble to take care of* in any State or Territory. I am, Rev. and Dear Sir,

Yours very truly and respectfully, [illegible]

[illegible]IONS.

ANOTHER CANONICAL CHAMPION.

THE Reverend Mr. W. C. Dana, of Charleston, in the State of South Carolina, was recently invited to attend the annual meeting of the Southern Aid Society, in Boston, and in a neat note declined the honorable invitation. This, certainly, prepossessed us in favor of the writer. We can easily imagine how, as a Southern gentleman — we trust there is nothing violently arrogant in presuming ourselves, merely for the purpose of illustration, to be a *Southern* gentleman—we should grieve at learning that in infidel, godless, and crazy Boston, a Society had been formed for the exportation, per first-class steamer, of pure religion to Southern regions. Of course, living in those hot latitudes, we should be sensitive to insult. We should not relish, we think, an enterprise, however benevolent in its origin, which placed us upon a level with Hottentots and South Sea Islanders. Unless Southern philosophers, politicians, and preachers, are entirely mistaken and misinformed, it is South Carolina that should send missionaries to Boston; since in South Carolina only is the Christian Religion preserved in its primitive purity—since there best are understood the morals of Moses and the sacred legacies of Paul. If we may trust the Scriptural exegesis of Fuller, D.D., & Co., Boston, owning no negroes, maintaining no patriarchal institutions, falling equally from the Faith as delivered from Mount Sinai and Nazareth, blind to the black man's divine inheritance of bondage, and reckless of his right to be charitably enslaved, is surely entitled, in her sin against humanity, to the prayers of South Carolina. The offer of missionary men and money, proceeding from the very Sodom of Sodomite New England, must therefore affect a high-toned and thorough-bred Southern ecclesiastic very much as if Timbuctoo should manifest a sudden interest in the conversion of the slave States, or as if the Digger Indians should hold a Convention to consider the ways and means of beguiling the people of Charleston into the fold of the Church. We do not wonder, therefore, that this reverend gentleman of the Southern Persuasion, in declining to lend his private grace and godliness to the Boston Platform, should be a little waspish, and should inform his officious correspondents that South Carolina does not particularly need the aid of this wonderful Society. He begs leave to inform them that the South is not quite out of the article of "true religion" yet. "I would have you to know," he says, substantially, "that we do not consider ourselves to be small-beer Christians, by any manner of means." He denies the deficiency of the South either in "uprightness," or in "honor," or in "nobleness," or in "benevolence." He has his fling at the Five Points, but spares sundry clerical delinquents. He does not say, in so many words, "Physician, heal thyself!" but his homily has very much the savor of that rebuke. Clearly, until the Southern Aid Society shall establish its claim to Southern consideration by investing the proceeds of two or three collections in good, solid, Scriptural slaves, it cannot hope for the coöperation of Southern clergymen. There are but two ways of winning the regenerated hearts of the Church South. Buy negroes, if you can; suffer yourselves to be owned, if you are too poor to be owners!

Meanwhile, we are sorry to find that the Rev. Mr. Dana should be compelled to defend slavery by an appeal to the Apostle Paul; because it is a simple historical fact, not to be overturned by a whole Convocation of Doctors of Divinity, that of slavery, American slavery, of the buying and selling of men, of the breeding of men for bargain and sale, of the breeding of women for prostitution, and of the whole train of mean desires which slavery generates, St. Paul knew nothing specifically. Of that human depravity which finds its most normal concrete in American slavery, he knew much, and against it he launched the thunderbolts of his wonderful eloquence; but he could no more denounce our slavery as such, than he could denounce the counterfeiting of bank notes by the photographic process, or an assault upon an American Senator with a gutta-percha cane. It is certainly singular that, while Southern divines continue to sustain slavery as preëminently a social necessity, they should make no distinction between the times of the Patriarchs and our own. It is possible that slavery in the days of Abraham did not necessarily involve oppression and injustice even in rare and individual cases; but it is absolutely certain that slavery as it exists in America involves, under circumstances which must often recur, the most flagrant oppression and injustice. There was slavery in the Roman Empire, and there is slavery in the United States; but he must be a pretty shallow scholar who does not know what the commonest study of Archæology would teach him, that the slavery of the Romans was not at all like the slavery of the Americans. The simple fact that one rich Roman was often the owner of ten, and sometimes of twenty thousand slaves, is quite enough to refute all arguments in favor of the modern system educed from the silence of the Apostles. But as Paul was not only a Christian, but an accomplished scholar and chivalrous gentleman, we cannot but think that the use which is made of his friendly and unstudied letter to Philemon, by men who are neither scholars nor gentlemen, is worthy of the sharpest rebuke. In the first place, of the twenty-five verses into which the Epistle to Philemon is in modern versions divided, there are only seven which allude to Onesimus at all; and although it is unquestionably true that the title, "Paul intercedeth for Onesimus," does express the main purpose of the letter, yet it is clear that the case of the fugitive was not paramount in the Apostle's mind; because all his brotherly love for Onesimus did not make him forgetful of "our beloved Apphia," of "Archippus our fellow-soldier," of "Epaphras, my fellow-prisoner in Christ Jesus," of "Marcus, Aristarchus, and the rest, my fellow-laborers." Philemon is asked to salute all these—"the Church in thy house." But when Paul does speak of Onesimus, he becomes instantly a good anti-slavery man. The poor "prisoner of Jesus Christ" does remember him who is in bonds as bound with him—"my son Onesimus." The runaway slave has accepted the Gospel. "I have," says Paul, "begotten him in my bonds." Now mark the tenderness with which he appeals to Philemon! "Whom I have sent again: thou therefore receive him, that is, mine own bowels." "I would have kept him with me," says Paul, "to labor with me here in my ministry; but I have sent him back, that you might, of your own free will—not of necessity, but willingly—emancipate him." "Receive him," continues Paul, "not now as a servant, but above a servant, a brother beloved." If this be not good anti-slavery doctrine, we know not where to find it. Now let us suppose that some fugitive slave has reached Boston and has joined the Rev. Nehemiah Adams's Church. Only when he comes to make his particular confession, does he admit he ran away from Deacon Paddle of the Cumberland Presbyterian Church. Dr. Adams is astonished, grieved, perplexed. He must send the man back—that, first of all, is comfortably settled. But what description of letter shall he send with him? Will he take the model of Paul's Epistle? Will he write: "Dear Brother Paddle: I send back your man Cæsar. I should have kept him here to assist me in my Church, as he has proved himself an excellent exhorter; but I want you, Brother Paddle, to receive him not now as a servant, but as a brother beloved. I want to give you the opportunity of proving your religious faith, by your fraternal treatment of poor Cæsar. Yours, in Christ, NEHEMIAH ADAMS." Now what would Deacon Paddle do, upon the appearance of Cæsar with this touching note? His duty to himself, his respect for law, to say nothing of gospel, would leave him no alternative. He would take off the shirt of the Brother Beloved. He would tie up the hands of Nehemiah's neophyte. He would administer many stripes to the Lost-and-Found. Does the Rev. Dr. Adams, does the Rev. Dr. Fuller, does the Rev. Mr. Dana, suppose that Philemon "paddled" Onesimus?

We ask the pardon of the reader for this little digression; but, having made it, we see no special reason for returning to this Charleston minister, whose highest logical appeal is, "If you were slaveholders in Boston, you would do as we do." In the same way we can fancy an epicurean cannibal, a sarcophagus conservative, with a half-picked bone in his hand. The missionary remonstrates, but the hungry infidel continues his repast. The missionary, by way of a last appeal, mentions that they do not eat men in Boston. "But you would if you liked them," responds the naked Apicius. Of course, the Bringer of Glad Tidings would be floored. There would be nothing more to say; and there is nothing more to say of this Charleston preacher, except that he seems to be very much more afraid of Disunion than of anything else human, sacred, or diabolical, and that, in his opinion, all our troubles are owing to "the unchecked supremacy of local causes." How he proposes to "check" them, he does not deign to tell us.—*Tribune.*

[illegible]ONMENT OF SHERMAN M. BOOTH.

To the Editors of The Milwaukee Free Democrat.

I LEARN that it is reported that it is my own fault that I am now in prison, and that I could be released, at any time, for the asking; and that there are not wanting Republicans who say that if I am not willing to *ask* for pardon, I ought not to be released. Let me state the matter fairly.

The Supreme Court of this State has decided that the Act under which I was convicted was unconstitutional, was no law—not *voidable*, but *void*—and discharged me from the sentence of the U. S. District Court. By this decision, it pledged the power, authority and sovereignty of the State for the protection of my liberty against any attempted enforcement of the original sentence. That decision of our Supreme Court stands unreversed as the law of this State, for it refused obedience to the mandate of the U. S. Supreme Court, requiring it to reverse its decision, and denied its appellate jurisdiction.

The State, then, by its highest tribunal, has declared me innocent, and fully entitled to its protection from arrest and imprisonment. Its Executive, Gov. Randall, in his Annual Message, referring approvingly to the decision of the Supreme Court, declared it to be the law of Wisconsin, and voluntarily pledged all the power of the State to see it enforced.

I have, then, the judicial decree, and the Executive pledge—the word and oath of the State—guaranteeing my liberty. I have also the declaration of *every Republican paper in the State*, at the time of my discharge, and the resolutions of more than a hundred public meetings, in favor of the decision of the Supreme Court, and of sustaining me in the position I had taken.

I have also the legislative action of the State in my favor, declaring slave judgments void, and punishing, with fine and imprisonment, all who recommit and reimprison for the same cause, one who has been discharged on a writ of *habeas corpus*. I have, then, the Judicial, the Executive, and the Legislative authority of the State for saying that I am now *illegally* imprisoned, that I was kidnapped, and those who now hold me a prisoner have no more right to hold me thus, than they have to imprison Judge Cole or Gov. Randall, without the pretence of authority of law.

Now, what am I asked to do, to entitle me to a release?

1. *To deny the faith of Wisconsin*, by acknowledging that the writ of *habeas corpus* and the right of trial by jury may be constitutionally abolished, and that an unconstitutional Act—a nullity—may be a valid law, stro[illegible] to override the rights and sovereig[illegible] Executive, its Legislature [illegible] liberties of the people.

2. *To become a hypocrite.* For every one knows that if I should ask pardon for violating the Fugitive Act, and promise to obey it hereafter, I would be lying.

FOR I DO NOT RECOGNIZE IT AS A LAW. *It is a bold usurpation, striking directly at the liberties of the people, and the authority of Jehovah. What God commands, it forbids! What he forbids, it commands!* It is cruel, bloody, wicked, despotic, damnable! Those who uphold it, if they profess Republicanism, deserve the scorn of despots; if they profess Christianity, deserve the scorn of infidels and atheists, and richly merit the damnation they assign to unbelievers. And I am asked to swear fealty to such a law, before I can be released—before the question of my release can even be *considered*. The petitions of leading Democrats in this city, asking for my release, could not even be *considered* till I asked for pardon under oath, wrote Attorney-General Black, in answer to the prayer of these petitioners.

A. F. Pratt, on his way to the Charleston Convention, called on the President—as did other delegates who felt a deep interest in my case—and after his interview with that "old public functionary," wrote back to *The News*, speaking by authority, with great apparent satisfaction:

"*You may say to Mr. Booth that the President will remit his fine when he will own up that he did wrong in breaking the laws, and promise to do better hereafter, and not till then.*"

And *The News*, immediately after its editor's return from Washington, declared: "*S. M. Booth will continue to suffer the penalties of violated laws unless he* GETS DOWN ON HIS KNEES AND BEGS FOR MERCY. *Let him do this, and we doubt not his prison bars would open.*"

This is the debasement required of me as the condition precedent of my release! Nor is there any certainty of my release, should I thus humiliate myself. Does any honorable man—any Republican—say I ought to comply with such a requisition? If so, I would like to know his name.

This whole proceeding shows in a striking light the despotic character of slavery, and of our Federal Government under its present administration. Here is a statute at which the moral sense of the people revolts, which the great majority of the people of the free States regard as a usurpation in violation of the Constitution, and dangerous to liberty. And of those who hold it to be constitutional, most of them regard it as inhuman and oppressive, and when put to the practical test, would themselves disregard it by giving aid and comfort to the fugitive. This statute, so offensive to the moral sense, and so opposed to the sober judgment of the people, is attempted to be enforced, in my case, with a pertinacity, a rigor, and a vindictiveness characteristic only of the despotism of slavery.

For the sentence of Judge Miller against me can only be fulfilled by *perpetual imprisonment*, or be remitted by my acknowledging the justice of the Fugitive Act, and "*getting down on my knees*," *before the President*, and "*begging for mercy!*"

I have now been four months in prison. My business has been interrupted and broken up, my plans all frustrated, my pecuniary interests injured, and how much damage this imprisonment has been and is likely to be to me, any business man would readily perceive, if he had been suddenly arrested and confined as I have been. I have a family needing my care and efforts to provide for them. There is every inducement to lead me to wish to be at liberty, and it is no light sacrifice I am compelled to make in remaining here. But I have no other alternative. I cannot do what is required for my release, without dishonor, without sacrificing the most cherished convictions of my life, and without a complete surrender, on my part, of the glorious position in behalf of freedom assumed and maintained for five years by the State of Wisconsin. I hold her honor now in my keeping, and if her courts, and authorities, and people all deny the faith they have professed, and succumb, like trembling slaves, to the *one-man power*, and permit Judge Miller to ride rough-shod over the Constitution and laws, over the sovereignty, and rights, and liberties of the people of Wisconsin, and set at defiance and treat with contempt her courts, that he may imprison her citizens and work his despotic will for the establishment of slavery on our soil, and play the part of blood-hound for the slave catchers of the South, I trust that while life and reason remain to me, I shall not be found among the recreants to liberty, and that I shall be able to oppose to the despotism of the Slave Power that now holds me, a will as strong, a patience as enduring, a faith as firm, a courage as unflinching, and a hope as cheerful in the service of freedom, as my kidnappers and jailers show in the service of slavery.

If liberty is a *crime*, and the love of it a *felony*, then am I justly imprisoned. But if it be the foundation and corner-stone of our Republican edifice, and the permeating spirit of all our Republican institutions, then is my continued imprisonment a monstrous anomaly and wrong, and a disgrace to the State of Wisconsin, which should redden with the blush of shame the cheeks of every honest, liberty-loving citizen.

In a postscript to a business letter, written me not long ago, Senator Durkee says: "How strange it is that you have to lie in jail, contrary to the laws of our State! Is there not virtue enough in the people to maintain their own honor and vindicate the decision of their own Courts?"

I leave this question for the people to answer.

U. S. Custom House, June 23, 1860. S. M. BOOTH.

THE CASE OF S. M. BOOTH.

From The Milwaukee Free Democrat.

Mr. Booth's statement is clear, truthful, explicit, and is a full vindication of the course he has pursued since his imprisonment, and must meet the hearty approval of all who have a spark of manhood remaining in their souls. The diabolical Fugitive Slave Act he refuses to recognize as a law, and he declines to ask pardon for an act which his conscience approves, and which the good and liberty-loving of all countries must honor. *And he is right.*

But no outsider, who has done nothing to relieve him, could blame him had he yielded the point in controversy, and acknowledged the righteousness of the Fugitive Act, and the justice of his imprisonment, by asking the President to pardon him. True, the Slave Power would have triumphed in such a case, not only that it has not done so. For, with the exception of the abortive efforts to procure a writ of *habeas corpus* during the first weeks of his imprisonment, so far as any aid and comfort has been given him, or efforts made for his release, he might as well have been imprisoned in South Carolina as in Wisconsin. And notwithstanding we have a Republican ascendancy in all branches of the government, he has received no protection from the State government whatever, which had been so freely pledged to him.

Look at it. Here is a man kidnapped and held in prison, in the midst of *three-fourths of a million* of free people, in defiance of their laws, the decisions of their highest Court and their own resolutions, pledges and declarations a hundred times repeated. They have declared, over and over again, that, for the praiseworthy act for which he is now imprisoned, he should not suffer either in his person or in his purse; that he should be protected from injury either to his liberty or property; and yet he has been allowed to lie *four months—one-third of a year*—in prison, his business neglected, his pecuniary interests sacrificed, not permitted the liberty of a chattel on a Southern plantation, but shut up like a refractory slave, and no earnest efforts have been made for his release!

When the Supreme Court [illegible] stood that an application would be made to Judge Cole for a writ of *habeas corpus*; but as legal proceedings cost money, and as none was raised for that purpose, nothing was done, and all hope and expectation failed in that quarter. Then it was Mr. Booth's plan to prosecute the U. S. officers, by whom he is now held, for false imprisonment, and *repeat the suit once a week*, as long as his imprisonment continued. And in the present constitution of the Courts of the State, there is no doubt he would recover heavy damages. But clerks and sheriffs, and travelling expenses and lawyers, must be paid, and without money nothing could be done, and Mr. Booth's application to lawyers, to conduct civil suits against those who hold him in illegal confinement, was as useless as the application for a writ of *habeas corpus*.

Now, it is perfectly idle for Republicans to find fault with the U. S. officers, or with the Federal Government, for keeping Mr. Booth in prison, as long as they do nothing for his release themselves.

The present administration will say, that by imprisoning Mr. Booth they but execute a law they found on the statute book, when they took the reins of government. The Marshal will say, that he is but an Executive officer, and is only carrying out the orders of his superiors, and that he does not wish to hold him in prison a single day. The District Attorney will say, that in moving the Court to reimprison Mr. Booth, he has but obeyed orders from Washington, and that he had to do it or resign. Judge Miller—well, if he told the truth, he would say that he was so eager to convict Mr. Booth, that he trampled on law and justice to accomplish it, and that he considers it his duty to follow the teachings of the Dred Scott Judiciary. All these officials understand that slavery is the vital and controlling element of the national government, and that the behests of the Slave Power must be obeyed, or their places will be filled by more subservient men.

But Republicans have no such excuse. Mr. Booth is imprisoned in violation of the laws, judicial decrees, Executive declarations, authority, rights and sovereignty of the State.

He is kept in prison now solely because the State has failed to vindicate its authority and honor, and redeem the pledges it has made to protect his liberty. That he is held in prison now is as much the fault of the Republican party, as it was the fault of the slave-holding government in *committing* him to prison. And it is as justly blamable in doing nothing for his release as the United States Government is in not opening his prison doors. And in one respect far more so. For the United States Government is acting up to its professions, while Republicans are *belieing* theirs. *And every hour that he remains in prison, while no steps are taken for his release, is a reproach to the Republican party of Wisconsin.*

Mr. Booth, we understand, has given up all expectation of relief till the inauguration of a new President. Four months imprisonment may well have taught him not to put trust in the Republican party of this State for help. Wisconsin, the first State in the Union to reject the Fugitive Slave Act and pledge her authority and sovereignty to protect her citizens against the invasion of slave catchers and kidnappers; hailed by the liberty-loving in her sister States as the first born of freedom, as the only practically free State, as the pioneer in a legal vindication of the Constitution from slaveholding perversions and interpretations, which made the Declaration of Independence a reality, and gave assurance that liberty dwelt in the organic law and inspired her judges to do justice—Wisconsin, brave, and honored, and glorious for her fealty to freedom up to the first day of March, 1860, where stands she now? Judge Miller drew his pen across the judgment of her Supreme Court, and it is *annulled*. He orders a citizen imprisoned whom the State has released; the State yields and acknowledges his dictatorship. No serf ever obeyed his master, no slave ever submitted to his owner with more quietness, docility and readiness than the great State of Wisconsin has submitted to the autocracy of Judge Miller. Its courts, its authority, its sovereignty, its liberties have all been "whistled down the wind," as the playthings of a despot, and if this usurpation is permitted to stand, the Slave Power is henceforth the supreme authority, and the will of Judge Miller the supreme law in Wisconsin. Well may Senator Durkee ask, in surprise: "Is there not virtue enough in the people to maintain their own honor, and vindicate the decisions of their own courts?" We believe there *is*, and that all the people need is to have the way pointed out to them in which they can *act*.

* * * * * *

For five years, Wisconsin has maintained the proud preeminence among her sister States of being the first and foremost in her devotion to freedom, and in pledging her sovereign power and honor to protect the liberty of all her citizens. She was the first to assert, by the decree of her highest judicature, that the writ of *habeas corpus* and the right of trial by jury should be maintained inviolate, and to raise an effectual barrier against that swelling flood of despotism which seeks not only to fasten the curse of slavery upon all our free Territories, but to establish it in every free State. She has been honored and envied by the free, and hated and feared by the devotees of slavery. But how "has the gold become dim, and the fine gold changed!" In *theory* she has not changed. To the demand of the slave tribunal at Washington, that she should reverse the decree against kidnapping, and open her fields as a hunting ground for slave catching, her Supreme Court said—NO! But the Slave Power, trampling on the authority of the Court, the sovereignty and rights of the State, and the liberties of the people, has itself, by the grossest usurpation and assumption of power, broken down all the judicial barriers against slavery, and all the constitutional guaranties of freedom, that it might establish kidnapping as a national institution on the free soil of Wisconsin, and complete the subjugation of the State to its will. And it has done it. The State has submitted to this indignity and outrage without a murmur or complaint. The temple of commerce and letters—the Custom House and Post Office—is converted into a prison for the abnegated sovereignty, authority and honor of the State, and neither the State authorities nor the people make any remonstrance against the sacrilege.

And, deny it who may, if this outrage is unredressed, the State of Wisconsin is not only dishonored but subjugated to slavery. And the leaders of the people, the champions of Republicanism, for the triumph of whose professed principles Mr. Booth has struck so many blows and given so many years of ill-paid labor, where are they? Those who are so brave at making campaign speeches for themselves and friends, and whose eloquent words meeting the eye or ear, so grateful to all candidates for office, present or prospective, and are Fourth of July orators—what have they said to rouse the public mind to a sense of this outrage, and to prompt to efficient action? Those who are rich in the world's goods and who spend their money so liberally when they are candidates for office, and who, were they in Mr. Booth's place, would want to have the earth "turned upside down," if necessary to effect their deliverance—what have they *done* to aid him in vindicating his rights and maintaining the honor of the State?

This is not a matter which concerns Mr. Booth merely. It concerns us all. One usurpation but paves the way for another. One act of despotism submitted to becomes a precedent for other and greater outrages. And it is thus that the huge fabric of despotism is built up, stone by stone, by the very side of the temple of freedom, till it overtops and overshadows it. If it be true that "a nation may lose its liberties in a *day* and not miss them for a *century*," what hope is there for the preservation of our liberties [illegible] be allowed to crystallize into a precedent, every one of us is liable, at any time, to be kidnapped and imprisoned at the will of any slave catcher, so long as the Slave Power can find such willing tools as Judge Miller to do its bidding.

We know the feeling of the people in the "rural districts," and that the heart of the country beats true to freedom. We know that they are anxious and impatient to have something *done*, and that they look to Milwaukee to lead in the matter. But we beg our friends in the country not to wait for a moment on Milwaukee. If you do, it will be an indefinite postponement of the whole matter. We are too much engaged in banks, railroads, trade, commerce, politics, celebrations, Sunday schools and religion, to attend to the interests of liberty and humanity. Nearly all that was done before in this cause, except in the way of speech making, was done in the country. Out of nearly $2,000 contributed to carry on the Rescue Suit of 1855, but about $75 was contributed in this city, and over *half* of that sum was given by three individuals. We must have *deeds*, not *words*.

What is needed first is *money*, and secondly *muscle*, with a live heart inside of it. [illegible] Unfortunately, the warmest friends of liberty here are poor. Perhaps that they are such, is because they have never been corrupted by riches. But, with sufficient funds, a writ of *habeas corpus* would have been obtained, if application had had to have been made to every Judge in the State for that purpose. Every Judge who refused the writ improperly would have been prosecuted for damages. The United States Judge, District Attorney, Marshal and Jailors would have been prosecuted for false imprisonment, at least *once a week*, as long as his imprisonment continued. The Custom House would soon have been made too hot for the kidnappers. Kidnapping would become an unprofitable business. And when a writ of *habeas corpus* was granted, *muscle* would do effectual service in executing it.

To those, then, in the country who wish to have something done, we say, don't wait for any movement or directions from the city, but select some one in whom you have confidence, to whom you can remit your contributions for this purpose. We will receive and acknowledge any sum that may be sent to this office, till some other arrangements are made. It is a shame that the Fourth of July is to be celebrated in this State, and the praises of liberty hymned and shouted, while one of our citizens is imprisoned in behalf of liberty.

THE LONDON DAILY NEWS IN DEFENCE OF SENATOR SUMNER.

From The Daily News of June 22.

THE question was of the admission of Kansas to the Union. Mr. Sumner was not making a speech about the abolition of slavery. He does not speak as an Abolitionist. He is the leader of the Free Soil politicians—of those who declare that the Southern States have a right to choose their own institutions within their own bounds, but not to force them upon the citizens of other States. On behalf of Kansas the speaker showed the reasons why new States should be spared the infliction of slave institutions; and among those reasons is the barbarous character of slavery, which renders it a curse not to be endured in a community which refuses to legalize it.

This was what the Senator had to say on behalf of Kansas. He said it as the Senator for Massachusetts; and in that capacity it was his duty to stand up against the pretensions and encroachments of the pro-slavery minority whose representatives were present. Instead of preaching on abolition, as *The Times* supposes, Mr. Sumner's aim is to leave slavery in the hands and on the consciences of those who maintain it—plainly refusing to involve the free States in the peril and disgrace of it. Can any writer who asserts the importance of the question to England be unaware that at present slavery is a national institution in the United States, not by the existence of slavery on the whole area, or half of it, but merely in virtue of certain provisions of the Constitution which are the object of a revolutionary struggle at this moment!

In the name of Old Massachusetts Mr. Sumner exhibits the character of slavery and refuses the disgrace and danger of being implicated in it. The barbaric character of slavery, and of its supporters, has been abundantly exhibited through the press of some Northern States; but it has never before been displayed in the Senate, and all criticism of it is excluded from the Southern press, and from most of the Northern. In the progress of the revolutionary conflict the moment has arrived for the truth to be told in the Senate; and Mr. Sumner, as the representative of the most venerable State of the Union, was the man to utter it. He described the character of slavery; he proved its operation upon the liberties of communities and the character of individuals, and he declared the resolution of the free States to get rid of the evil of being implicated in such a barbarism, and to save every new community from being cursed with it against its will.

This was what Mr. Sumner had to say, and not anything which should coax the Southern members to abolish slavery. What they do about slavery is no business of his, or of anybody's, in Mr. Sumner's opinion. The slaveholders are citizens each of a sovereign State. They can set up or maintain what institutions they please, without consulting the opinions of anybody from Massachusetts or elsewhere. They can make themselves as barbarous as they choose; but when they insist on bringing other sovereign States into their boat, those other States have a right, and ought to feel it a duty, to show their sense of the degradation, and to refuse it.

It is no doubt true that, if the free States succeed in eliminating the pro-slavery provisions from the Constitution, slavery will soon become impracticable in the separate States. That is the affair of the South altogether. All that the North has to do is to refuse to give its name and reputation to a bad institution which is too weak to stand without it. That refusal being once effectually pronounced, the rest is a question between the slaveholders, their landless white neighbors and their negroes. Mr. Sumner did not address himself to a question which does not lie in his way. We who have, as *The Times* says, such an interest in it, from its bearing on the supply of cotton, may look more directly to that point. The result of all real study of the actual position is a clear conviction that the only way to keep Southern industry alive, and the cotton crop growing, is to introduce free labor without delay. If the negroes were, from this moment, paid in wages the amount that their maintenance now costs, the chance of a continued supply of cotton would be as good as it could be made. If, on the other hand, the South perseveres in its overbearing policy, its speedy doom is certain. At this moment every sensible man unexcited by Southern passions knows very well that it is only a split in the Democratic party, allowing the election of an anti-slavery President, which will save the South from the horrors of a servile war. And what becomes of the cotton then? The insurrection movement which followed the rejection of Fremont was difficult to deal with; and since that time the slaveholders have aggravated their own peril in every possible way.

It is enough to remind our readers that the negroes have been compelled, in various parts of several States, to flog, to tar and feather, and to burn alive Northern citizens, resident or travelling, on the accusation of being the negroes' friends. What those negroes are now feeling and intending may be left to

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the imagination of the dullest. If our cotton supply is to be saved, it is not by putting the negroes out of sight, as *The Times* has thought proper to do; nor by admonishing American Senators to speak the slaveholders fair, in order to induce them to think of beginning to prepare for a gradual training for freedom. Addressed to Abolitionists, this sort of notion would be abundantly absurd; addressed to Mr. Sumner, it is wholly irrelevant.

Is it possible that anybody is ignorant of the revolutionary condition of society in the United States? Are men to speak smoothly and court delay when their fellow-citizens are put to flight or consigned to hopeless imprisonment in Washington itself by the oppression of the Senate, and when there is a tacit organization in certain States to resist this oppression; and when free citizens are kidnapped and sold into slavery; and when men and women from New England are ruined in their fortunes and tortured in their bodies, and one actually burned alive, all without form of trial, and amidst the exultation of the community in which such deeds are done? When a legislator stands up in his place, and, in discharge of his special duty to his State, declares such acts to be barbarism, and the institution which begets them barbarous, is he to be insulted with the imputation of personal vindictiveness?

Mr. Sumner is too well known in England to render it necessary to vindicate him from any aspersion of that kind. It is not in vain that he has passed four years of pain from the assault of a cowardly representative of "the Southern chivalry," without uttering a word on his personal grievance, or a moment's intermission of the cheerful magnanimity with which he at once accepted the consequence of his denunciation of a national crime. American oratory is not acceptable to English taste; and Mr. Sumner's speeches are not more liked by some of us than others which come from Washington. But about the self-forgetting patriotism of the man we believe there has never been a difference of opinion on either side the water. If there is not a Southern man in the Senate at Washington who believes Mr. Sumner to have spoken from personal vindictiveness, such a charge of much consequence. But it is of [illegible]ow that the English people are not ignorant of the occasion, the purport and the object of the speech in question, or of Mr. Sumner's special obligation to speak out when and as he did.

THE NEW SCHOOL PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH.

From The Free Church Portfolio.

At the time of the division of the Presbyterian Church in 1837 the power of *laying spirits* passed over to the Old School branch, and they have enjoyed it exclusively. Sambo never shows his face in their Assembly. One movement of the wand by a Doctor of Divinity, for the sake of the "peace and welfare of our beloved Zion," quiets at once the anti-slavery spirit of 1818, and produces harmony. Not so, however, with the New School. The Assembly at Pittsburgh had a vision of Banquo's ghost after this wise: The Committee of Bills and Overtures reported a memorial from our old friend Dr. Beasley, of Cincinnati Presbytery, containing an inquiry "whether respect for the action of former Assemblies does not demand from our Southern Presbyteries some explanation in relation to the [illegible] of the Church under their care? [illegible] facts seem apparent; first, that the New School have slaveholding Presbyteries; and secondly, that Dr. Beasley's conscience at least troubles him about it. To this memorial the Committee on Bills reported the following answer, which was adopted:

"Answer.—Your Committee have not been supplied with any information which brings before us, in a manner authorized by our Book of Discipline, relations, practices, or delinquencies in relation to slavery, which demand or render desirable any action of the Assembly on that subject at the present meeting."

This must have been *very* satisfactory to Dr. Beasley, for since he has got into the New School Church he has learned to be very thankful for small anti-slavery favors.

But the subject came up again by a memorial from the Mission Church of Dacotah, offered by Dr. Williamson, asking the Assembly to instruct the Committee on Church Extension to aid no Church which tolerated slaveholders in its membership. Dr. Williamson made a speech of an hour's length, and, being a South Carolinian, who had seen slavery as it is, he asked if it was consistent with past testimonies of the Church to build up slaveholding Churches. But his speech and the memorial were of no avail. Holding professedly to all the recorded testimonies of the Church, one of which declared slaveholding to be *manstealing*, the Assembly, by adopting Dr. Patterson's report, put its foot a second time into the trap set by the devil for crippling this unfortunate Church.

As our readers are anxious to see *how* anti-slavery the New School Church is, we give the Report of the Committee on Church Extension in answer to the proposition of Dr. Williamson. In reading it, we beg our friends to substitute forgery, counterfeiting, or horsestealing, for manstealing, the crime alluded to in the report, and then judge of the faithfulness of a Church that would thus recommend and act. In the mere matter of *drunkenness* the Church would not keep the drunkard in her communion with the expectation of reforming him, but would proceed to suspend and excommunicate him, as the Church of Corinth did the incestuous person in her membership. But when the Bible rule is to purge out the leaven of iniquity, giving over the transgressor into the hands of the devil that his spirit might be saved in the day of the Lord Jesus, because a little leaven leaveneth the whole lump, the New School Assembly set up their judgment against that of Christ, and harbor the *slaveholding* criminal in their midst. One would suppose that the New School brethren had forgotten the facts of history, as well as disregarded the injunctions of Scripture. At the time of the division in 1837, there were in the New School branch of the Church only *three* slaveholding Presbyteries. John Rankin implored the Assembly, at its first meeting after the schism, to purge out this little lump of slaveholding leaven. But the same counsels prevailed then as now. It seemed to be thought that the best way to get crime *out* of the Church was to allow the criminal to remain *in* the Church, and come to the communion table, and have his character endorsed by the saints! And what was the effect of this unscriptural policy? Why, the three slaveholding Presbyteries increased to *twenty!* The leaven spread and infected the whole body, until another division became necessary. Now, under the lead of cowardly trimmers, the very same policy is inaugurated for fear of weakening the numbers of the Church. Had the New School taken the advice of Mr. Rankin at the time of the first division, and become a real anti-slavery Presbyterian Church, it would have outnumbered the Old School far away. But now there is no motive in the world for the anti-slavery men and congregations in the Old School to connect with the New. They will not come to the Free Church because we are so few and so poor; whereas, if they could feel that their principles were *safe* in the New School, they would flock there in crowds. Thus we see how a sinful expediency defeats the very end it aims to accomplish. Unless the politicians give the death-blow to slavery, the New School will cherish the virus in her bosom until it poisons and deforms the whole body, as it did before. This comes of a Church setting up to be wiser than Jesus Christ, who commands that every persistent transgressor of the moral law shall be put out of the communion of the saints until he repents and reforms. Read, now, the following action of the Assembly:

"Second. The reply to Dr. Williamson's proposed measure instructing the Committee on Church Extension 'to extend aid to no Church which has among its members one or more communicants who are slaveholders, and that they instruct those whom they may send out as evangelists to receive to the communion of the Churches which they may form, no person who is known to be a slaveholder.'

"This was referred to the standing committee on Church Extension, of which Dr. R. W. Patterson is chairman, who on Monday read the report, which was adopted, as follows:

"The standing committee on Church Extension, to whom was referred the above resolution, report thereon as follows:

"1. The permanent committee on Church Extension is appointed to act for the whole Church, being an organ of the General Assembly which represents the whole Church; and we see no defensible principle on which such a committee could make discriminations on moral grounds between Churches that are recognized as having the same ecclesiastical standing under our common constitution.

"2. The position of our Church is well understood to be one of opposition to the spirit and system of slavery; and we have no reason to believe that any Churches connected with us are using their influence to sustain or fortify that institution.

"3. If it be true that any members of Churches in our connection hold slaves, under mistaken views of their duty towards them, we do not see that this affords sufficient reason for withholding from them the bread of life, and such enlightened teachings as we believe our ministers are qualified and disposed to impart in relation to all the principles of Christian duty. We sympathize with all Christian endeavors to remove imperfections and sin from the Church of Christ, but we think this end is to be accomplished, not by withdrawing the Gospel away from those who need it, but by affectionate and prayerful efforts to apply the principles of our holy religion to the heart and conscience of every Christian who is willing to receive instruction.

"4. The permanent committee on Church Extension are fully aware of the ground which our Church occupies with reference to this subject, and we have confidence that they will conscientiously discharge their duty with an enlightened regard to the promotion of righteousness and holiness in the Church and in the world."

National Anti-Slavery Standard.

WITHOUT CONCEALMENT—WITHOUT COMPROMISE.

NEW YORK, SATURDAY, JULY 14, 1860.

Correspondents will greatly oblige us by a careful observance of the following directions, viz.:

Letters enclosing matter for publication, or relating in any way to the editorial conduct of the paper, should be addressed, "Editor of the Anti-Slavery Standard, No. 5 Beekman street, New York."

Letters enclosing subscriptions, or relating in any way to the business of the office, should be addressed, "Publisher of the Anti-Slavery Standard, No. 5 Beekman street, New York."

Mr. Sumner's Speech.—Believing that all our readers would be eager to see the speech delivered by Charles Sumner at the Cooper Institute, on Wednesday evening last, we determined, even before its delivery, to publish it in an Extra. We have had time, before going to press, only to glance hastily at its contents, and therefore must submit it to our readers without comment.

AN UNDERGROUND RAILROAD FOR SLAVERY.

Early in 1856, we gave a notice, at some length, in The Standard, of a pamphlet of 118 pages, then just published by Crocker and Brewster of Boston, with the following title:

"Slavery, and the Remedy; or Principles and Suggestions for a Remedial Code. By Samuel Nott."

All the notices that we have seen of this publication have not half equalled, in amount of space, what we then wrote about it. It seemed to drop dead from the press, with little advertisement, almost no sale, and scarcely any recognition on the part of the public.

Early in the present year, however, we chanced to see (appropriately inserted, if we remember rightly, in *The Observer*) the advertisement of the following pamphlet, by the same Boston publishers:

"The Present Crisis: with a Reply and Appeal to European Advisers; from the Sixth Edition of Slavery and the Remedy. By Samuel Nott. 1860."

Samuel Nott, who dates his prefaces from Wareham, Massachusetts, is, as we are given to understand, a retired clergyman, occupied in teaching. His original pamphlet (and the one last mentioned is like unto it) belongs to the very worst, most malignant, most mendacious variety of its kind. Like South-side Adams's book (a new edition of which has just been published in Boston, with a list of clerical commendations) it is of the *genus* pro-slavery, *species* pious. It is after *The Observer's* own heart, and what more [illegible] could be said in condemnation of it?

We will sketch, as briefly as may be (for the Rev. Samuel Nott has condensed a great deal of wickedness into 118 pages), the prominent ideas of the former pamphlet.

The author, assuming that slaveholding is an essentially different thing from slave-making—that it is neither a crime nor a sin—that, though it is an evil, or attended by evils, these would be increased rather than diminished by immediate emancipation, which is therefore demanded neither by expediency nor duty—that slaveholding is a matter for the consideration and action of slaveholders, and of nobody else—that *their* attention should not be directed to *mere* slavery, or *mere* abolition, but to the well-being of a people *providentially* on their hands—and that the Christian patriarch and Christian philanthropist should unite to sustain "a Remedial Code"—declares that the leading point to be kept in view in such Remedial Code is to *preserve the essential quality of slavery*, without the evils which are not of its essence; that is to say, to provide for the slaves something better than freedom—for the masters something better than the present form of slavery—for the free blacks something better than the present condition of their class—and for the conscience and philanthropy of the country a state of permanent repose and satisfaction.

Before stating the distinct provisions of his Remedial Code, our author repeats that they are devised not in the view of preparing the slaves for freedom, nor of substituting any apprenticeship, shorter or longer, but on the supposition of a continued and abiding relation. The masters must be masters still, in furnishing capital, employment and provisions, and requiring labor; and the slaves must be slaves still, in rendering labor.

As a preliminary to his answer to the important question, how these mutual relations of labor from the slave and provision from the master shall be secured, Mr. Nott tells us that *the substitution of free for slave labor must be discountenanced, and even disallowed.* "Slave labor must be protected. The masters must not have power to substitute emigrant labor, *to the loss and damage of the slaves*, WHATEVER DIRECT ADVANTAGE MAY TEMPT TO THE INJUSTICE."

The enforcement of the master's duty to the slave is settled in ten lines, as follows:

"First, as to the masters. So far as custom long settled and circumstances secure their due care of their slaves, it is well. But, *so far as needful*, that care must be secured by new legislation, and must be enforced by the executive powers of the State; and so much the more decidedly as the slaves are less able to secure their own rights. Some officer from among the slaves may be the channel of complaint, and some court of redress may issue the complaint without cost to the slave; *save where his proceeding shall have been merely vexatious and causeless.* The masters, *if needful*, may be compelled to furnish suitable rations and *privileges*."

If *any* security is needed for the performance of the master's duty to the slave, the above, in Mr. Nott's judgment, will be quite sufficient. But to secure the fidelity of people so selfish and unscrupulous as the slaves, he finds two pages of stringent provisions necessary, in substance as follows.

His desire is to secure *voluntary* labor, and this, he thinks, will be partially done by retaining slavery, *i. e.*, by keeping up the habits *and expectations* of those who, from generation to generation, have been "held to labor." He advises that no formal emancipation be made, affirming that the slaves of the British West Indies were made too free for their own advantage; and he recommends Task-work, giving to the African *contractors* a good margin for their private advantage, and yet securing to the master *all* that is now expected from slave labor; he also recommends rewards for faithful and skilful service, or for *contracts* diligently and advantageously fulfilled.

Observe, the slave, willing or not, is to work at a master's dictation! But if he consents to work before the means of compulsion are applied, he is allowed to call the performance of his task the fulfilment of a *contract*; and this contract is to give him a large margin for private advantage, though it gives his master all the advantage he now gets, without paying or rewarding the slave at all!

But, Mr. Nott remarks, since there must still be supposed a *necessity* of enforcement, of course there must be allowed a *power* of enforcement, which is thus designated by the Remedial Code:

1. Privation of the previously supposed rewards.
2. The Scripture rule: If any man will not work, neither shall he eat.
3. Punishment by fines.
4. Solitary confinement and the whip, for the last resort—under decision of some authority above the overseer or master.
5. The power of selling against his will a slave found incurably idle and negligent.

Mr. Nott proposes that marriage, with the slaves, should be considered *as* sacred and indissoluble as with the white race, and that the members of the slave family must not be separated for less causes, or on harder conditions, *than with the white race.*

Here are some rules on the subject of Sales and Emigration:

Sales should not be made without consent, except in the cases of young children and orphans, and of refractory slaves. And, particularly, sales of young females should not be made without their own consent and that of their friends, "*except under due examination and decision.*"

Under the head of Property, it is proposed that slaves may acquire and hold it under the general laws of property, "with whatever *special* rules and *limitations*." The slave may even purchase his freedom "if he choose to sacrifice its price," though, "under the amelioration proposed, freedom will become less and less desirable, and probably less and less desired."

In regard to Religious Education and Religious Worship, Mr. Nott thinks it very important that these should be provided, and he recommends also such literary and mental education as is *suitable* to the state of slaves, in the opinion of their masters. He volunteers his opinion that reading, writing and arithmetic are thus suitable.

Here are some "Judicial Provisions and Methods":

1. The general laws of the State, and the provisions for their execution, must be considered as equally for the protection of bond and free; with only such just and merciful exceptions as belong to the mutual relations of *capital and labor* (*i. e.* of master and slave) still by law retained.

2. There must needs be a repeal of all cruel and oppressive laws. All *summary* whipping, even, must be forbidden.

3. In order to secure justice, it is indispensable to admit the testimony of slaves—with such conditions as shall best tend to secure its truth.

4. There *may be* needed the repeal of laws interfering with harmless liberties and innocent assemblages.

5. There *may be* required officers and courts of the slaves themselves; the officers to be chosen by the slaves, *under power of veto by the master*, except that the clerk, to record the proceedings, should be [illegible] thinks that—

1. Slaves attaining a certain amount of property may be allowed a right of voting in the State; but these votes should have only a fractional value, and only a limited scope for exercise.

2. There should be opportunity for the slave to purchase his own freedom, in a manner, and at a rate, to be fixed by law.

3. Slaves purchasing freedom must come, with regard to franchise, into the condition of their class, namely, of inferiority to the white people.

Finally, Mr. Nott designates the following as "The Methods for the Free," which would be *imperiously required* if freedom should extend to any considerable numbers:

1. Freed slaves may be required to register their names, occupations, places of abode, and the returns of their industry, and, if found vagrant and neglectful, may be *compelled to labor.*

2. *Under the above regulation*, there may be allowed FULL LIBERTY of settlement and employment.

3. Methods of acquisition and investment should *be provided* for free colored people.

4. The employments to which they are accustomed, and which are the most open to them, *are to be chosen*, AND ARE NOT TO BE FORSAKEN WITHOUT DEFINITE AND GOOD REASON. Servile employments are good employments *when God orders them.* Rising to higher employments *is not the thing to be desired.*

5. This claimed, then, let there be *every facility* for them to rise to independent and leading employments.

As much as to say—having locked a man in a dungeon, and chained one hand and one foot together, and obtained, with a cowhide, his consent that this arrangement shall be permanent, let there be every facility for him to go where, and do what, he pleases!

Such was the original publication of Mr. Nott in 1856. The sixth edition, published in March, 1860, has prefixed to it an Essay of forty-three pages, entitled "The Present Crisis: with a Reply and Appeal to European Advisers"—and this Essay is also stitched by itself, with its own title-page, for distribution separately from the original pamphlet. Of some characteristics of both the[illegible]ure occasion; noticing at present only [illegible]tion of the singular fact, how there should come to be six editions, at the North, of a bulky pro-slavery pamphlet; and that without either newspaper puffs or special advertising.

The "Advertisement to the Sixth Edition" (p. 3) informs us that "The several editions have been received with so much favor by some of the largest slaveholders, and by many eminent citizens and statesmen both North and South, as to encourage the belief," &c.

The opening of "The Present Crisis" informs us that the pamphlet is to be sent abroad "to the members of the National Legislature, and to the principal officers of the several State Governments, in the hope of promoting the New Era invoked at its close," namely, the acquiescence of the whole North in the permanence of a slavery thus slightly modified, and the consent of the whole North that slaveholders may arrange the details of this oppression precisely as they please.

These six editions, then, have been in a course of silent distribution for the last four years, sent, by some who are able and willing to pay for slavery propagandism, to the principal slaveholders in the South, the principal official personages in the National and State Governments, and to persons of distinction and influence generally, both North and South. In short, an Underground Railroad has here been operating for the benefit of slavery. With what effect, open and latent, we shall consider hereafter.

A New York Citizen Seized as a Slave.—*The Albany Evening Journal* of the 7th inst. says:

"We learn that one George Armstrong, a free colored man, born in Jefferson County, in this State, left Watertown some three weeks since, in company with a man by the name of Benjamin, who is a fish-dealer. Nothing more was heard from George until the 5th inst., when his sister received a letter from the firm of Carusi & Miller, lawyers, of Washington City, who say that George is in jail there on the charge of being a fugitive slave. What his fortunes have been since leaving home, or how he got into his present dilemma, is unknown to his friends; though they conjecture that Benjamin may possibly have had something to do with it.

"On these facts, and others of a satisfactory nature, being made known to Gov. Morgan, he at once caused to be made out the necessary papers and credentials, to authorize and empower Mr. Haddock, of Watertown, to proceed to Washington to procure the liberation of this free colored man, imprisoned for no other crime, it would appear, than that of being black."

Scores, if not hundreds, of free colored persons are every year consigned to slavery in this way, for every one that has the good fortune to escape through the interposition of a Northern Governor.

Portrait of Abraham Lincoln.—We have before us a life-size lithographic likeness of the Republican candidate for President, from the portrait taken from life by Charles A. Barry, at Springfield, Ill., a few weeks since, and certified as "correct and striking" by the Governor of the State, the Mayor of Springfield, the State Treasurer, and sixty others, who are familiarly acquainted with the features of the subject. It is certainly a good specimen of the lithographic art, and we have no doubt that it gives as just an idea as such a picture can of the face of the man who, in all probability, will be inaugurated President on the Fourth of March, 1861. Certainly he is not handsome, but want of beauty in the face is less important than want of beauty in the character. Mr. Lincoln, judged by this picture, looks very unlike our ideal of a slave-catcher, and we only wish the Fugitive Slave law had no more place in his creed than it has in his face. The New York publisher of the picture is Mr. George Ward Nichols.

Who Knows?—It is suspected in certain quarters that the reported mortality among the captured Africans at Key West is a sham, intended to cover a general system of kidnapping; the slaveholders in that region thinking it a good chance to stock their plantations at a cheap rate. Knowing what we do of the barbarism of slaveholders, we cannot say that we think there is no ground for such a suspicion. It would certainly be very easy for the U. S. officers at Key West to connive at the removal of the negroes, and, when they are gone, to set them down in the dead list; and, in view of what we know of Southern opinions and habits, the supposition is by no means a violent one.

INDEPENDENCE DAY.

Anti-Slavery Celebration at Framingham, Mass.

Phonographic report by J. M. W. Yerrinton.

A mass meeting of the friends of the enslaved was held at the grove in Framingham, on the Fourth, under the auspices of the Massachusetts Anti-Slavery Society, to celebrate the day, and (in the words of the call) "to consider the solemn and pregnant issues of the hour—how best to preserve the principles of the Revolution and carry them forward to a speedy and enduring triumph." Notwithstanding the heavy rain of the night previous, and the inauspicious aspect of the morning, a large number of persons took the special train for the grove, at 9½ o'clock, who were joined, on their arrival, by a delegation from Milford and neighboring places, several hundred strong. In Milford alone, we understand, nearly four hundred tickets were sold. By noon the company on the ground had swelled to thousands, and we doubt if ever a larger, more intelligent or orderly gathering was ever congregated in that beautiful grove even on such an occasion, remarkable, as they always are, for the intelligence and high character of those who answer the call.

The meeting was called to order shortly before 11 o'clock, by E. H. Heywood, who read the following list of officers for its organization:

President—EDMUND QUINCY, of Dedham.

Vice-Presidents—Francis Jackson, Boston; Charles L. Remond, Salem; F. B. Sanborn, Col. Wm. Whiting, Concord; Caroline M. Severance, West Newton; Elizabeth B. Chase, Valley Falls, R. I.; William S. Haywood, Hopedale; Henry O. Stone, Framingham; Abby Kelley Foster, Worcester; Benjamin Snow, Jr., Fitchburg; J. T. Everett, Princeton; J. H. Stephenson, Newton; O. W. Albee, Marlboro'.

Secretaries—J. M. W. Yerrinton, Chas. K. Whipple.

Finance Committee—E. H. Heywood, Boston; Angelina [illegible] Sallie Holley, Sarah E. Wall, Worcester; [illegible] C. Severance, West [illegible]

After thanking the audience for the honor they had conferred upon him, the President said he was always glad to attend an anti-slavery meeting on the Fourth of July, because it was the only place where one could get away from the noise and dust and turbulence of American patriotism, and the only place, too, where the truth could be heard. Thousands of meetings were being held all over the country, in which the people were congregated to listen to glorifications of themselves, and smell the incense burned to their own vanity, by priests appointed, under the name of orators, for that purpose. Mr. Everett to-day, in Boston, would endeavor to encourage the modest citizens of that metropolis by telling them what admirable fellows they are, and what heroes, and patriots, and sages their ancestors were; with an exhortation, to be sure, that they should prove themselves worthy of their sires, but with a very strong inference that they are. If anybody wanted to hear anything original, they must go to an anti-slavery meeting, for there they would hear the truth about the Revolution and the Government, and the nature of the institutions which the Revolution and the Government gave to the country, and true exhortations as to the duties which belong to the inhabitants of the country. To such a meeting as that he welcomed the audience on that occasion.

"Freedom's Battle Song," by R. Thayer, was then sung, to "Auld Lang Syne," after which Mr. Garrison came forward, and stated that he had received a note from the excellent General Agent of the Society, Samuel May, Jr., which he would read:

Leicester, July 2, 1860.

Dear Mr. Garrison: The "Fourth" draws nigh, and that crowd of bright, intelligent and earnest faces—the flower of Massachusetts' best moral and religious culture—upon which I have looked with delight so many a year, will once more gather in the beautiful Framingham grove, to redeem their share of the day from its prevailing false and shallow uses, and to consecrate it to the noble ends of Liberty, Justice and the Right. May the skies be fair above them! I am sure that needful and soul-stirring truth will be uttered; and I know the occasion will, as it has so many times before, make its impress deep and strong on the thought and feeling of the community. I have never before missed one of these occasions. Now I *must* be absent. The state of my health forbids my participating in the pleasures and duties of your meeting. But in thought I shall be with you, and every word and strain you utter that the most uncompromising anti-slavery spirit can inspire will have my heartiest God-speed. And thus, offering to all present my warmest congratulations, that you are permitted to enlist in the services of this noblest, best and most Christian cause of our age, and with the prayer that we may all be faithful to it unto death, I remain,

Sincerely your friend, Samuel May, Jr.

I have also, said Mr. Garrison, some lines appropriate to the occasion, which were written by our friend Miss Bacon, of Barre, who has once or twice before favored us with the contributions of her genius on such occasions.

These verses were listened to with undivided attention by the audience, who testified their sympathy with the sentiments expressed by frequent applause.

The President: In introducing the speaker who will next address you, I shall have occasion to mention a name which, I think, will surprise you to hear, in connection with this company and this place and occasion. When I say that the next speaker is to be *Mr. Douglass*, and *Mr. Douglass, of Chicago* (!), I think it will naturally excite a thrill of surprise in the breasts of all the inhabitants of this country—Democrats of all types and shades, Bell-Everett men and Republicans—that *Mr. Douglass, of Chicago*, should appear at an anti-slavery meeting on the Fourth of July, just at the very opening of the canvass! (Laughter.) I have never had the pleasure of seeing the candidate for the Presidency who bears that name, and, therefore, I cannot answer for you whether this is the gentleman or not; but you will probably find out by the time he is through (laughter and applause). Mr. Douglass, of Chicago.

Speech of H. Ford Douglass.

Mr. President, Ladies and Gentlemen: I hope that my friends will not do me the injustice to suppose, for a single moment, that I have any connection, either by blood or politically, with Stephen Arnold Douglas, of Chicago. I am somewhat proud of the name of Douglass. It was once, in the history of dear old Scotia, a tower of strength on the side of free principles; and so firmly did they oppose the usurpations of royal power, that, on one of the kings of Scotland coming to the throne, he issued an edict expelling from his realm every man who bore that hated name; and I cannot account for the signal departure from the ancient and hereditary principles by one who bears that name, upon any other theory than that of bastard blood (applause).

There are a great many people in this country who seem to be in love with Stephen A. Douglas, and to regard him as a great statesman. It seems to me that there are certain elements necessary to true statesmanship. In the first place, a statesman must have a heart—that is one of the essential elements of statesmanship. Now, who supposes that Stephen A. Douglas has a heart? I cannot account for the existence of so mean a man as Douglas on any other theory than that of the transmigration of souls. It was held by one of the old philosophers of Greece, that when a man died somebody was born, and that the soul of the dead entered the body of the new-born; but when Douglas was born nobody happened to die! (Laughter and applause.)

But, ladies and gentlemen, I had no intention of making these remarks. We are here for the purpose of celebrating the Fourth of July. Eighty-four years ago to-day this nation had its birth. We stand, to-day, a governmental prodigy, surpassing, in an extraordinary growth, any of the States of ancient or modern times. But nations who seek success amid the possibilities of the future are not measured by the accumulation of wealth, nor by breadth of territorial domain. Far down beneath the glittering splendor which the jewelled hand of Crœsus has lifted up to intoxicate the gaze of the unthinking multitude, there will be found a silent and resistless influence, working its way beneath the surface of society, and shaping the destiny of man.

When John Adams wrote that this would always be a day of bonfires and rejoicing, he did not foresee the evils which half a century would bring, when his own son, standing in his place amid the legislators of the Republic, would shame posterity into a brave indifference to its empty ceremonies. John Quincy Adams said, twenty years ago, that "the preservation, propagation and perpetuation of slavery is the vital and animating spirit of the national government;" and this truth is no less apparent to-day. Every Department of our national life—the President's chair, the Senate of the United States, the Supreme Court, and the American pulpit—is occupied and controlled by the dark spirit of American slavery. We have four parties in this country that have marshalled themselves on the highway of American politics, asking for the votes of the American people to place them in possession of the government. We have what is called the Union party, led by Mr. Bell, of Tennessee; we have what is called the Democratic party, led by Stephen A. Douglas, of Illinois; we have the party called the Seceders, or the Slave Code Democrats, led by John C. Breckinridge, of Kentucky; and then we have the Republican party, led by Abraham Lincoln, of Illinois. All of these parties ask for your support, because they profess to represent some principle. So far as the principles of freedom and the hopes of the black man are concerned, all these parties are barren and unfruitful; neither of them seeks to lift the negro out of his fetters, and rescue this day from odium and disgrace.

Take Abraham Lincoln. I want to know if any man can tell me the difference between the anti-slavery of Abraham Lincoln and the anti-slavery of the old Whig party, or the anti-slavery of Henry Clay? Why, there is no difference between them. Abraham Lincoln is simply a Henry Clay Whig, and he believes just as Henry Clay believed in regard to this question. And Henry Clay was just as odious to the anti-slavery cause and anti-slavery men as ever was John C. Calhoun. In fact he did as much to perpetuate negro slavery in this country as any other man who has ever lived. Henry Clay once said, "That is property which the law declares to be property," and that "two hundred years of legislation have sanctioned and sanctified property in slaves!" Wherever Henry Clay is to-day, in the universe of God, that atheistic lie is with him, with all its tormenting memories (applause).

I know Abraham Lincoln, and I know something about his anti-slavery. I know the Republicans do not like this kind of talk, because, while they are willing to steal our thunder, they are unwilling to submit to the conditions imposed upon that party that assumes to be anti-slavery. They say that they cannot go as fast, as you anti-slavery men go in this matter; that so radical as you Garrisonians; that they want to take time; that they want to do the work gradually. They say, "We must not be in too great a hurry to overthrow slavery; at least, we must take half a loaf if we cannot get the whole." Now, my friends, I believe that the very best way to overthrow slavery in this country is to occupy the highest possible anti-slavery ground. Washington Irving tells a story of a Dutchman who wanted to jump over a ditch, and he went back three miles in order to get a good start, and when he got up to the ditch he had to sit down on the wrong side to get his breath. So it is with these political parties; they are compelled, they say, when they get up to the ditch of slavery to stop and take breath.

I do not believe in the anti-slavery of Abraham Lincoln, because he is on the side of this Slave Power of which I am speaking, that has possession of the Federal Government. What does he propose to do? Simply to let the people and the Territories regulate their domestic institutions in their own way. In the great debate between Lincoln and Douglas, in Illinois, when he was interrogated as to whether he was in favor of the admission of more slave States into the Union, he said, that so long as we owned the Territories, he did not see any other way of doing than to admit those States, when they made application, WITH OR WITHOUT SLAVERY. Now, that is Douglas's doctrine; it is stealing the thunder of Stephen A. Douglas.

In regard to the repeal of the Fugitive Slave law, Abraham Lincoln occupies the same position that the old Whig party occupied in 1852. They asserted then, in their platform, that they were not in favor of the repeal of that law, and that they would do nothing to lessen its efficiency. What did he say at Freeport? Why, that the South was entitled to a Fugitive Slave law; and, although he thought the law could be modified a little, yet, he said, if he was in Congress, he would have it done in such a way as *not to lessen its efficiency!* Here, then, is Abraham Lincoln in favor of carrying out that infamous Fugitive Slave law that not only strikes down the liberty of every black man in the United States, but, virtually, the liberty of every white man as well; for, under that law, there is not a man in this presence who might not be arrested to-day upon the simple testimony of one man, and, after an *ex parte* trial, hurried off to slavery and to chains. *Habeas corpus*, trial by jury—those great bulwarks of freedom, reared by the blood and unspeakable woe of your English ancestors, amidst the conflicts of a thousand years—are struck down by this law; and the man whose name is inscribed upon the Presidential banner of the Republican party is in favor of keeping it upon the statute book!

Not only would I arraign Mr. Lincoln, in regard to that law, for his pro-slavery character and principles, but when he was a member of the House of Representatives, in 1849, on the 10th day of January, he went through the District of Columbia, and consulted the prominent pro-slavery men and slaveholders of the District, and then went into the House of Representatives and introduced, on his own responsibility, a Fugitive Slave law for the District of Columbia. It is well known that the law of 1793 did not apply to the District, and it was necessary, in order that slaveholders might catch their slaves who sought safety under the shadow of the capitol, that a special law should be passed for the District of Columbia; and so Mr. Lincoln went down deeper into the pro-slavery pool than even Mr. Mason of Virginia did in the Fugitive Slave law of 1850. Here, then, is the man who asks for your votes, and for the votes of the anti-slavery people of New England, who, on his own responsibility, without any temptation whatever, introduced into the District of Columbia a Fugitive Slave law! That is a fact for the consideration of anti-slavery men.

Then, there is another item which I want to bring out in this connection. I am a colored man; I am an American citizen; and I think that I am entitled to exercise the elective franchise. I am about twenty-eight years old, and I would like to vote very much. I think I am old enough to vote, and I think that, if I had a vote to give, I should know enough to place it on the side of freedom (applause). No party, it seems to me, is entitled to the sympathy of anti-slavery men, unless that party is willing to extend to the black man all the rights of a citizen. I care nothing about that anti-slavery which wants to make the Territories free, while it is unwilling to extend to me, as a man, in the free States, all the rights of a man (applause). In the State of Illinois, where I live—my adopted State—I have been laboring to make it a place fit for a decent man to live in. In that State, we have a code of black laws that would disgrace any Barbary State, or any uncivilized people in the far-off islands of the sea. Men of my complexion are not allowed to testify in a court of justice, where a white man is a party. If a white man happens to owe me anything, unless I can prove it by the testimony of a white man, I cannot collect the debt. Now, two years ago, I went through the State of Illinois for the purpose of getting signers to a petition, asking the Legislature to repeal the "Testimony Law," so as to permit colored men to testify against white men. I went to prominent Republicans, and, among others, to Abraham Lincoln and Lyman Trumbull, and neither of them dared to sign that petition, to give me the right to testify in a court of justice! ("Hear, hear.") In the State of Illinois, they tax the colored people for every conceivable purpose. They tax the negro's property to support schools for the education of the white man's children, but the colored people are not permitted to enjoy any of the benefits resulting from that taxation. We are compelled to impose upon ourselves additional taxes, in order to educate our children. The State lays its iron hand upon the negro, holds him down, and puts the other hand into his pocket and steals his hard earnings, to educate the children of white men; and if we sent our children to school, Abraham Lincoln would kick them out, in the name of Republicanism and anti-slavery!

I have, then, something to say against the anti-slavery character of the Republican party. Not only are the Republicans of Illinois on the side of slavery, and against the rights of the negro, but even some of the prominent Republicans of Massachusetts are not acceptable anti-slavery men in that regard. In the Senate of the United States, some of your Senators from the New England States take special pains to make concessions to the Slave Power, by saying that they are not in favor of bringing about negro equality; just as Abraham Lincoln did down in Ohio two years ago. When he went there to stump that State, the colored people were agitating the question of suffrage in that State. *The Ohio Statesman*, a paper published in Columbus, asserted on the morning of the day that Mr. Lincoln made his speech, that he was in favor of negro equality; and Mr. Lincoln took pains at that time to deny the allegation, by saying that he was not in favor of bringing about the equality of the negro race; that he did not believe in making them voters, in placing them in the jury-box, or in ever bringing about the political equality of the races. He said that so long as they lived here, there must be an inferior and superior position, and that he was, as much as anybody else, in favor of assigning to white men the superior position. There is a great deal of talk in this country about the superiority of the white race. We often hear, from this very platform, praise of the Saxon race. Now, I want to put this question to those who deny the equal manhood of the negro: What peculiar trait of character do the white men of this country possess, as a mark of superiority, either morally or mentally, that is not also manifested by the black man, under similar circumstances? ("Hear, hear.") You may take down the white and black part of the social and political structure, stone by stone, and in all the relations of life, where the exercise of his moral and intellectual functions is not restricted by positive law or by the arbitrary restraints of society, you will find the negro the equal of the white man in all the elements of head and heart. Of course, no one pretends that all men are mentally equal, or morally equal, any more than we do that all men are of the same weight or equal in physical endowments. Here, in this country, under the most favorable circumstances, we have idiots and fools, some in the lunatic asylum, and others in the high places of government, who essay to be statesmen, who ought to be there (laughter). You say to the German, the Hungarian, the Irishman, as soon as he lands here, "Go out on the highway of the world's progress, and compete with me, if you can, in the race for empire and dominion." You throw no fetters upon that ever-restless sea of energies that chafes our shores, saying, "Thus far shalt thou go, but no further." No, with all that magnanimity which must be ever present in the true soul, you say to the foreigner, whose liberty has been cloven down upon some disastrous European battle-field, whose fortune has been wrecked and lost amid the storms of adversity abroad, "Come here and better your condition, [illegible] that a few years ago, when a Hungarian refugee—not an American citizen—he had only declared his intention to become one—was arrested in the harbor of Smyrna, for an offence against the Austrian government, Capt. Graham, of the American war-ship St. Louis, demanded, in the name of the Federal Government, his instant release, and, under the cover of her guns the shackles of Austrian bondage melted from his limbs, and Martin Koszta walked the deck of that vessel a free man, as proud of his adopted country as we were of the gallant deed. That poor Hungarian, in the hour of his misfortune, could look at the American flag, as it gleamed in the sunlight of the Austrian sky, and, as he looked at its stars, that symbolized a constellation of Republican States, he could feel all the poetic inspiration of Halleck, when he sang—

> "Flag of the seas! on Ocean's wave
> Thy star shall glitter o'er the brave,
> When death, careering on the gale,
> Sweeps darkly round the bellied sail,
> And frighted waves rush wildly back
> Before the broadside's reeling rack,
> The dying wanderer of the sea
> Shall look at once to heaven and thee,
> And smile to see thy splendors fly
> In triumph o'er his closing eye."

But no colored man can feel any of this inspiration. We are denied all participation in the government; we remember that that flag only covers us as slaves, and that our liberties are only respected and our rights only secured to us, when, escaping from the beak of the American eagle, we can nestle in the shaggy mane of the British lion; and, feeling this, we can feel no inspiration when we look at the American flag.

But I was speaking in reference to the gratuitous concessions of some of our Republican leaders. Some three or four months ago, a bill was under consideration in the Senate of the United States for the purpose of establishing a school for the education of free colored children in the District of Columbia. The matter created some discussion in the Senate, and, under the lash of Senator Mason and other slave-drivers of the South, your own Senator, Mr. Wilson, "caved in" on this question, and admitted, in the presence of the Senate, and with all Massachusetts to read his words, that the negro was inferior ("hear, hear"). Now, I do not believe that the negro is inferior. Man's ability wholly depends upon surrounding circumstances. You may take all of those races that have risen from the lowest state of degradation to the highest eminence of intellectual and moral splendor, and you will discover that no race has ever yet been able, by any internal power and will of its own, to lift itself into respectability, without contact with other civilized tribes. Rome served as the scaffolding for the erection of the tribes of Western Europe into that huge political constellation whose drum-beats follow the sun round the world. When Julius Cæsar landed in Britain, he found the ancestors of this boasted English race a miserable set of barbarians, bowing down to stocks and stones, and painting their bodies in fantastic colors. They were carried to Rome by the soldiers of Cæsar, and sold in the streets for five dollars; and so thoroughly brutalized were they, that Cicero, the great Roman orator, said that the meanest slaves in Rome came from Great Britain; and, writing to his friend Atticus, he advised him not to buy the worthless wretches (applause). Emerson says that it took many generations to trim and comb and perfume the first boat-load of Norse pirates into royal highnesses and most noble knights of the garter; and yet every spark and ornament of regal splendor dates back to the twenty thousand thieves that landed at Hastings. You will find, after that, I think, that there is no truth in the assertion that the negro is inferior.

The men who justify slavery upon the assumed inferiority of the negro race are very slow to admit these facts. They are just as tardy in admitting that the remains of ancient grandeur which have been exhumed from beneath the accumulated dust of forty centuries, were wrought by the ingenuity and skill of the negro race ere the Saxon was known in history. We are informed that the sceptre of the world passed from the colored to the white race at the fall of Babylon. I know ethnological writers tell us that we do not look like the Egyptian. They dig up an Egyptian mummy, that has been dead and buried three thousand years, that once tripped on "the light fantastic toe" amid the gilded halls of the Pharaohs, over whose grave the storms of thirty or forty centuries have swept, and because it don't look just like a Mississippi negro of to-day, set it down that there is a difference of species between them (laughter). I admit that centuries of oppression, under a vertical sun, may have worked marvellous changes, not only in the physical but in the intellectual characteristics of the race—I know it has. All other races are permitted to travel over the wide field of history, and pluck the flowers that blossom there—to glean up the heroes, philosophers, sages and poets, and put them into a galaxy of brilliant genius, and claim all the credit to themselves; but if a black man attempts to do so, he is met at the threshold by the objection, "You have no ancestry before you."

Now, friends, I am proud of the negro race, and I thank God to-day that there does not course in my veins a single drop of Saxon blood (applause). The blood that I boast was immortalized in Scotland's song and story at a time when the Saxon was wearing an iron collar, with the name of his Norman master written thereon (applause). There was never such a subjugated race in the world as were the Saxons in the days of William the Conqueror. So thoroughly humbled and degraded were they that Macaulay says it was considered as disgraceful for a Norman to marry a Saxon as it is now for a white person to marry a negro. I am proud of the negro race. I think that "negro" looks just as well on paper, and sounds just as sweetly to the ear, as "Saxon"; and I believe that by education, by wealth, by religion, the negro may make that name as honorable as ever was that of "Saxon," while the Saxon, by the practice of the opposite vices, may drag himself down as low as the negro.

I believe that man, like certain productions of the vegetable kingdom, will grow better in some soils than in others. God has given us a goodly land in which to build up an empire of thought; it ought also to be an empire of freedom. The anti-slavery men of the country intend to make this truly "the land of the free and the home of the brave," by coming to such meetings as these on gala days. When Boston conservatism goes down to the Music Hall to air itself in Everett's lying eulogy, we mean to come here and criticise the various political parties, in order to rescue this day from priestly cant and from political mockery.

Oh, no, friends; we colored men may well feel proud of our ancestors. Why, we were held in very high esteem by the ancient Greeks. There is a Grecian fable that we descended from the gods. Virgil says that Jupiter, in his aerial chariot, sailing through the skies, went so near the sun that it burnt his face black; and on that hypothesis they account for the existence of the colored race! The father of Grecian poetry, standing away back in the gray dawn of history, has struck some noble lines from his lyre, in praise of our ancestors of the sunny clime:

> "The sire of gods, and all the ethereal train
> On the warm limits of the farthest main,
> Now mix with mortals, nor disdain to grace
> The feast of Ethiopia's blameless race."

Friends, I have no idea that those men who talk about the inferiority of the negro race really believe it. They think it is absolutely necessary, for the success of their party, to cater to the dark spirit of slavery. But, after all, I say that, the negro is a man, and has all the elements of manhood, like other men; and, by the way, I think that in this country, he has the *highest* element of manhood. Certainly he has developed here its highest element. I do not believe that the highest element of manhood is the ability to fight. If he is the noblest man who can do the most fighting, then you ought to elect John C. Heenan, the "Benicia Boy," as President of the United States. If muscle is evidence of the highest manhood, you will find any of the "short boys" of New York, any of the "plug-uglies" and ugly plugs (laughter) of Tammany Hall, better qualified to be President of the United States than Abraham Lincoln. The negro is emphatically a Christian man; patient under long suffering, as ready to forgive an injury as the Saxon is to inflict one; he would rather "bear the ills he has, than fly to others that he knows not of" (applause). You may dwarf his manhood by the iron of bondage, you may dry up the fountain of his intellectual life, but you can never destroy his faith in God and the ultimate triumph of his almighty purpose. Over a sea of blood and tears, he catches, in every lull of the midnight storm that breaks around him, the music of that "still, small voice," that bids him "Hope on, hope ever!" He constitutes the very oxygen of civilization, potent in that arterial action that imparts life and health to the permanent and successful achievements of the human race. Therefore, I do not like these gratuitous admissions on the part of men who go to Congress from New England with an anti-slavery purpose in their hearts.

But, my friends, I must bring my remarks to a close; and I say, that in view of the fact that the influence of slavery is dominant in every department of the Government, I would rather curse than bless the hour that marked the fatal epoch in American history, when we threw off the yoke of a decent despotism, to become, in turn, the slaves of a mean and arrogant Democracy. Marc Anthony said over the dead body of the old Roman, "I come to bury Cæsar, not to praise him" (applause). Four millions of my countrymen in chains to-day, ground between these two huge lies, like the upper and the nether millstone—the Constitution of the United States and the Fourth of July—send me to this platform to bury the memories of that hour that witnessed the separation of these colonies from the mother country; for had we remained linked to her by political and social ties, we should inevitably have marched to freedom and equality, as she has done. England stands to-day with the trophies of a thousand years clustering around her head, as young and as vigorous in all the elements that promise future physical and intellectual development as when, upon the field of Cressy and Agincourt, her sons shattered, as with an iron mace, the embattled legions of France. She stands to-day, and has stood for a quarter of a century, upon the side of freedom; while here in Republican America, we have, for the last eighty-three years, been constantly tending towards a despotism baser and blacker than anything that history has yet recorded. I say, then, I would rather curse than bless the day that marked the separation. Hunkerism, everywhere, as I said before, will go out to-day to be glorified in the sunlight of lying eulogy poured upon the dead fathers, whose faithlessness to every principle of freedom will yet cause their names to become a hissing and a byword to the ages yet to come. "Proclaim liberty throughout all the land, to all the inhabitants thereof," is the inscription upon the bell that hangs in "Independence Hall," in Philadelphia; but the old bell, more modest than the people, cracked the first time it was rung, because it had not *brass* enough to tell the lie again! (Laughter and loud applause.)

Hypocrisy is not a growth peculiar to American soil, but it has reached its most hateful development here. American slavery, the worst form of despotism ever imposed upon any people, is endorsed by Church and State as a great missionary institution. Eighty-four years ago to-day, your fathers, true to the impulses that brought them from the father-land, spoke this nation into existence, breathed into it the breath of life, by asserting the self-hood of every human being. They had descended from men who, for two hundred years, had battled for freedom of conscience against the despotism of the bloody Stuarts; and when, in 1765, the British Government passed the Stamp Act, and attempted to enforce it by British bayonets, against the will and wishes of the American people, the Roundhead and the Cavalier went up to Bunker Hill, and entered their bleeding protest against George the Third, "by the Grace of God." In this, I say, they were true to their manly impulses. They declared that "all men are created equal"; and brave men from beyond the Rhine, and from the vine-clad hills of France, viewing from a distance that sublime struggle for the establishment of a free government, threw themselves at once into the conflict, and, by their noble devotion to our cause, gave their names to history as a part of the glories of the Republic. But what did the fathers do to justify the expectations of these gallant strangers? Let four millions of slaves in our land answer the question! The liberty that Lafayette fought for, our fathers, in an hour of compromise, forgot, and went into a convention and sold the liberty of the black man, in order to form this guilty "covenant with death and agreement with hell"; and I say, that so long as that compromise exists, we are bound to stand outside the Government, and not commit ourselves to the dark spirit of slavery and to the political expediency of the hour.

The Constitution of the United States is the Janus of the American Capitol, looking both ways, assuming any color, according as we turn the political kaleidoscope. This is the one redeeming feature in it—that we cannot understand its carefully-concealed purpose without the aid of contemporary history. Goethe says that no work is complete, unless it involves some mystery. I believe that the Constitution, in that respect, may be tortured into a virtuous instrument. It does involve a great mystery. But, as anti-slavery men, seeking the overthrow of slavery in the shortest possible way, we have to deal with the facts of the Government as the fathers made it and construed it while they lived. I am willing, for one, to accept the unbroken testimony of three-quarters of a century against the anti-slavery character of the American Constitution, and not dodge behind its equivocal phrases for the purpose of cheating the slaveholder, and saving the memory of our dishonest and time-serving fathers from the gibbet of impartial history. Achilles, the hero of the Iliad, is introduced by Homer as saying these memorable words: "I detest, as the very gates of hell, the wretch who has the baseness to say one thing, and mean another." I do not believe that the fathers wrote that Constitution, intending it to serve the purposes of freedom, and then turned round and construed it on the side of despotism and slavery. If they did, then were they a mean set of contemptible hypocrites, and deserving of the scathing denunciation of every friend of humanity. I do not believe it.

My friends, you may think this is a little radical, and you may, on this account, be unwilling to receive some of the other truths that I have been trying to impress upon you. There is some danger of anti-slavery men saying too much. I remember an anecdote that illustrates this very well. In a little town in the State of New York, there lived a very pious family—a father and mother, and two children, a son and a daughter. They all belonged to the village church, except the son. He was rather a wild young man; but during a revival of religion in the village, he was induced by his parents to make application to the church for admission to membership. The deacon was somewhat of an old fogy, and did not believe in receiving him without first putting him through the catechism, to find out what his opinions were in regard to religion. So the first question he thought he would put to him was this: "Do you believe that Jonah was swallowed by the whale, and that he was three days and three nights in the whale's belly?" "Does father believe that?" asked the young man. "Yes," said the deacon. "And mother, too?" "Yes." "And the Church, too?" "Yes." "Well," says he, "I believe it." "Well, sir, do you believe that Daniel was thrown into the lion's den, and that those ferocious lions refused to eat Daniel, but as soon as his accusers were thrown in, they devoured them?" "Does father believe it?" "Yes." "And mother?" "Yes." "And the Church?" "Yes." "Well, I believe it, then." "Well," says the deacon, "do you believe that Shadrach, Meshach and Abednego were thrown into a fiery furnace, heated seven times hotter than was necessary, and that those Hebrew children passed through the flames and came out without so much as the smell of fire upon their garments?" "Does the Church believe it?" "Yes." "And father?" "Yes." "And mother?" "Yes." "Well," says he, "I'll be d—d if I believe it—*nor the fish story either!*" (Loud laughter.) You see, friends, there is danger of saying too much!

But what shall I say, in closing my imperfect remarks? I know very well how imperfectly I have said my say. What can I say, then, as a black man, other than to thank the men and the women of New England who have so nobly stood by the rights and liberties of my unfortunate race during these long years of suffering and sorrow, feeling, as their only compensation, that every wrong and every outrage which we suffer

> "In the hot conflict of the right, shall be
> A token and a pledge of victory"!

I know that, as anti-slavery men, occupying the high vantage ground of right, entering our earnest protest against Government and Church, there are many difficulties yet to be overcome before men shall fully realize the grandeur of our position. As our dear good friend, Gerrit Smith, has said, "The cause is too sublime in its all-embracing purpose for the hypocrisy and cowardice of the age." But the martyr spirit that inaugurated this movement to free a deeply wronged and injured people is not dead. As Romeo says—

> "Beauty's ensign yet
> Is crimson in thy lips and in thy cheeks,
> And Death's pale flag is not advanced there."

What an army of brave men the moral and political necessities of twenty-five years ago pushed upon this platform to defend, with more than Spartan valor, this last Thermopylæ of the New World! Then it was that our friend, Mr. Garrison, could, with inspiration not of earth, brave a Boston mob in defence of his convictions of right, in words of consuming fire, for the dastardly, mean and craven cowards that thirsted for his blood. Theodore D. Weld, then in the freshness of youth, full of hope in ultimate success, his lips touched with a live coal from the altar of God such as inspired the Hebrew prophet, plead like an angel, trumpet-tongued, against the deep damnation of human slavery. Then it was that the noble Beriah Green, with a logic as strong as the concatenations of an almighty purpose, was preaching himself out of every pulpit in New England. Then it was that Elijah P. Lovejoy, whose mantle now covers a noble brother (applause), gave to the cause the printed sheet and the spoken word within the very sight of the fortress of the evil doer. These were brave men. Then, too, it was that that other good friend, Wendell Phillips, brought to the anti-slavery platform the rare gifts of scholarly culture and a magnificent rhetoric, to meet the rounded periods of New England's hunkerism in Faneuil Hall. Then it was that such men as Quincy, and Hovey, and Ellis Gray Loring placed themselves upon the anti-slavery platform, as offerings upon the altar of freedom. Oh! it costs men something to take such a stand. The men who go out into the desert of old institutions and attempt to tear down the rotten customs of society, clothed in purple and fine linen, will find the "property and standing" and gilded respectability of the age passing them by on the other side. As James Russell Lowell has sung—

> "Then to side with truth is noble, when we share her wretched crust,
> Ere her cause bring fame and profit, and 'tis prosperous to be just;
> Then it is the brave man chooses, while the coward stands aside,
> Doubting in his abject spirit till his Lord is crucified,
> And the multitude make virtue of the faith they had denied."

At that time, colored men had not demonstrated to the American people any of that ability which has since cropped out and developed itself, as a living testimony against the argument of the natural inferiority of the colored race. Many who have since added fresh trophies to American oratory were then in their chains. Henry Highland Garnet had scarcely begun to give an earnest of that splendid ability which has since manifested itself in the orator and the gentleman; the trumpet notes of my namesake, Frederick Douglass, had not yet stirred the intellectual sea of two continents to the enormities of this country; neither had there flashed over the Bay State the fiery and impetuous eloquence of Charles Lenox Remond. Great changes have been wrought in the character of this anti-slavery work in thirty years. Alvan Stewart is dead; James G. Birney is dead; Elijah P. Lovejoy sleeps in a martyr's grave on the banks of the father of waters; Ellis Gray Loring is dead; Theodore Parker is dead. All these, and many other noble workers, have gone; as Whittier says—

> "They died—their brave hearts breaking slow—
> But, self-forgetful to the last,
> In words of cheer and bugle-blow,
> Their breath upon the darkness passed."

But, friends, while the busy fingers of our memories are gathering flowers to bestrew the graves of the sainted dead, let us not forget one other name—one other of those "immortal names, that are not born to die." We are standing to-day by the fresh-made grave of John Brown (applause). He has been gathered to his Father's bosom from a Virginia scaffold. Lamartine, the great French orator, said once that Wilberforce went up to Heaven with a million of broken fetters in his hands, as evidence of a life well spent. John Brown has gone to join the glorious company of "the just made perfect" in the eternal adoration of the living God, bearing in his right hand the history of an earnest effort to break four millions of fetters, and "proclaim liberty throughout all the land, to all the inhabitants thereof" (loud and prolonged cheering).

[Mr. Frank B. Sanborn, of Concord, Mass., was the next speaker, but our columns are so full that we cannot now print the report of his remarks. Mr. Sanborn was followed by Senator Wilson, who defended himself and Abraham Lincoln against the criticisms of Mr. Douglass of Chicago; the meeting was afterwards addressed by Wm. Lloyd Garrison, Parker Pillsbury, Abby Kelley Foster, C. L. Remond and Stephen S. Foster; but the report of their remarks has not come to hand. Next week we shall copy from *The Liberator* as far as the exigencies of our space will permit. Meanwhile, we refer the reader to the letters from Boston in other columns for a brief notice of the unreported part of the meeting.—*Ed. Standard.*]

THE FOURTH OF JULY AT FRAMINGHAM.

Correspondence of The Standard.

Boston, July 7th, 1860.

Mr. Editor: The morning which ushered in the Eighty-fourth Anniversary of the memorable "Insurrection of '76" was rainy and unpleasant. The Abolitionists, eager to escape the heartless and empty celebrations of the city, the fulsome boastings of lying orators, and the turmoil of a mock patriotism, had made preparations for a true commemoration of the day in the beautiful grove at Framingham. But, about nine o'clock, the boding skies, which had threatened to cast a damper upon our arrangements, began to brighten; and, as the long train, bearing its precious freight, left the depot, the sun burst forth in all its brilliancy, and scattered the thick clouds before its searching rays.

At every way-station we gained accessions of earnest men and women, and by the time we had reached the grove our numbers had swelled to an imposing multitude. Soon came other trains from Worcester and Milford, bringing us representatives from the very "heart of the Commonwealth."

This grove has been so often the scene of meetings like this, and has been consecrated so many times by the eloquence of those whose names are to be as "household words" in the future, that it must be regarded as a place of historical interest. It is a beautiful spot, worthy to be hallowed by the remembrances which cluster around it. In its centre is a little amphitheatre, containing the speakers' platform, around which rise the seats of the audience with remarkable gradation. The young oak trees, of which it is composed, afford a pleasant, cooling shade, but are not so thick as to shut out entirely the shimmering sunlight, which illumines and gladdens the whole with its golden touch. A few rods from the grove spreads the charming sheet of water known as Farm Pond, as attractive to the eye of the gazer as to the lovers of boating who frequent its broad expanse.

Mr. Edmund Quincy was chosen President of the meeting—than whom, who is more fitted to preside on such an occasion? I would say something very strong in his praise, did I not know that your special correspondent, "D. Y.," was present, who is far better acquainted with Mr. Quincy than I am, and who, moreover, never fails to do him full justice in your columns.

The first speaker introduced was H. Ford Douglass, of Chicago—the young colored orator who so surprised us at the last New England Anti-Slavery Convention. He is about twenty-eight years of age, of very light complexion, curly black hair, and possesses a handsome, open countenance, a musical but manly voice, an earnest manner of speaking, and withal a *physique* so noble and a presence so attractive as to charm and interest the listener at once. His speech was, by turns, eloquent, witty and severe, showing an appreciation of the subjects he discussed, and a comprehension of the moral grandeur of the anti-slavery movement. He criticized faithfully the Republican party, uttered a rebuke to our Massachusetts Senator, Henry Wilson, for some remarks made in the United States Senate, and closed with a vindication of the capacity of the colored race.

Frank B. Sanborn, of Concord, "the hero of the second Concord fight," as the President introduced him, was the next speaker. He expressed, in an earnest manner, his belief in the John Brown method of dealing with slavery, and his distrust of purely moral means.

Senator Wilson, who, to his honor be it said, is always to be found within the girdle of an anti-slavery meeting when he can make it convenient to be present, had sat listening to Douglass with apparent admiration. Touched to the quick, however, by the animadversions of the speaker, as soon as Sanborn had finished, he rose to justify himself from the charges made by Mr. Douglass. After explaining his own course, and attempting to explain the past record of Mr. Lincoln, he gave us a defence of the Republican party. The speech was so anti-slavery, and the good spirit of the speaker so manifest, that I care not to criticise even his sophistries; especially as Mr. Pillsbury exposed them in so masterly a manner soon after.

Some of his generous expressions, however, it will be well to preserve. They are suited much more for our latitude than that of Washington, where few words like these get spoken. "The dearest object of my heart is the anti-slavery cause. For it I have coöperated with all parties which I thought would advance it, and have abandoned them when they proved recreant to it." "If the Republican party proves false to the [illegible] be the first to lift my arm against it." "I was an anti-slavery man before I was a politician." "I recognize the fact that the anti-slavery movement is bound to advance over parties or through them." I quote these from memory, but think they will not differ essentially from the reported speech.

After the noon recess, Mr. Garrison was the first speaker. He endorsed Mr. Wilson's prophecy of the inevitable progress of our movement, and urged the people to be blinded by no party or sect, but to persistently forward the great cause which must eventually scatter them all, having God and righteousness on its side, and an eye single to truth.

Parker Pillsbury followed in one of his ablest speeches. With a power rarely equalled, and dealing the Titanic blows of a man terribly in earnest, he demolished the gilded scaffolding of the Republican party, and made manifest the great edifice in all its disproportions and deformities. But you will have seen the speech before this, and can judge it yourself, although you will lack the tone and manner which impressed it so vividly upon us.

Mrs. Foster, Mr. Remond and Mr. Foster successively followed, and, at half-past five closed one of the most successful and interesting meetings that I remember. The day could not have been more favorable; it seemed, as usual, made on purpose. The absence of Mr. Phillips (unavoidable on account of the increased illness of his wife) was, of course, greatly felt and regretted. And the knowledge that good Mr. May, so inseparable from such occasions, was detained at home on account of failing health, caused us all a feeling of sadness. The letter which Mr. Garrison read from him showed us that, however weak the body might be, the great heart of our friend was as strong as ever, and that he was with us most heartily in spirit. God grant him a speedy recovery.

After singing an anti-slavery hymn, the assembly separated with the pleasing consciousness of a day well spent. Hoping that the time is near at hand when our hypocritical nation shall recognize the independence of the enchained four millions, lift them to the level of the Declaration of '76, practising as well as prating about its immortal truths, I am yours for a Fourth of July not exclusively the white man's, but the common jubilee of all nations and races,

J.

From our Boston Correspondent.

NO. CCLXXII.

The Argument.—The Correspondent felicitateth the City Government—And why?—Mr. Everett giveth a thankworthy Oration—His painful loss of memory, and singular lack of information as to facts—The Correspondent layeth down the law about the lawyers—He divideth the word of truth skilfully—He praiseth England and abaseth his own country—He censureth Mayor Lincoln and Senator Sumner—He giveth the true philosophy of Fourth of July Orations—And draweth lessons from the past—His account of the Fourth at Framingham and of the behavior of the weather—The Speeches and their rare element—Mr. Wilson's speech and the Correspondent's comments thereupon—Dr. Hayes's Arctic Expedition and the improvement thereon, &c. &c. &c.

Boston, July 9, 1860.

Our City Government here were luckier this year than usual in their Fourth of July Orator. They did get one whom they could thank, without debate, for his "eloquent and patriotic" Oration. They have been so badly bothered in this way of late years, that I was afraid that it was getting to be a chronic disorder, and that even the Hon. Edward Everett might fail to stand the municipal test of patriotism. But he did, and gave a flourish with variations on the established theme of Our Noble Selves—the speech of Earl Grey in the House of Lords in derogation of those Illustrious Identities giving the key-note to the same. The Oration, *quoad* Oration, was well enough—the periods well rounded, and the illustrations and rhetorical ornamentation unimpeachable. The Orator merely labored under that singular imperfection of memory which was so obvious in his Washington Eulogy. As he did not remember, in that performance, that Washington either owned slaves or emancipated them, so, in this, he forgot that slavery makes any part of the institutions of this country, and that it is the intrusion of slavery into the Supreme Court of the United States that has defiled our national temple of Justice, and made it a habitation for owls and satyrs, and a hissing and abomination to all lovers of liberty everywhere. Mr. Everett, clearly, had never heard of the Dred Scott Decision, and thought that the Supreme Bench is now what it was in the days of Jay and Marshall. I dare say the present Court would adjudicate well enough in a mere case of disputed patent or land claim—provided one of the parties were not a notorious Abolitionist. In this case, I should not like to answer for them. Who believes that Judges Grier and Kane would have decided against sustaining Mrs. Stowe's copyright in the German translation of *Uncle Tom*, had it not been she that was plaintiff?

Mr. Everett's defence of us against Lord Grey's strictures is mainly composed of that figure of speech (though he disclaims the purpose of using it) which may be entitled the "You're Another!" dodge. But his recrimination of England does not cover the points raised by Lord Grey. The Lord Chancellor comes in and goes out with every Administration; but his Equity jurisdiction can hardly take any tinge from his politics. No Government has even been accused, for many years, of considering political services, or expecting them, in the appointment of the Common Law Judges it selects. Generally one, and sometimes two, of the Chief Justices are Peers of Parliament; but they have no more potential voice there than the boobiest of barons on any political question. The only instance that I remember of a Chief Justice being a member of the Cabinet, was that of Lord Ellenborough—exceptional, and never likely to be repeated. The difference between the Lord Chancellor and Judges of England and the Chief Justice of the United States and his assessors, is just this—that the latter are appointed expressly for the purpose of finding law for whatever new usurpation the slaveholders propose to themselves. This work the Court has done to perfection, if not to admiration, in the sight of all the world, and Mr. Everett thinks too humbly of the world's intelligence if he thinks it does not see this. If slavery and its works could be put entirely aside, we might allow that the United States Government had worked tolerably well. But as its sole business, for many years, has been to set everything else aside that slavery might have full course and be glorified, it is a little thing which it is impossible for intelligent spectators on either side of the Atlantic to do. The Government of England has been working its way on steadily from point to point of substantial liberty and reform. That of America has been retrograding every year towards barbarism and tyranny. A candidate for the Vice-Presidency, who does not notice the trifling facts of slavery, may not see this; but intelligent men, whether statesmen or not, discern it clearly enough.

But I am afraid that I shall anticipate your next editorial discourse, and will withdraw from the pulpit at once. It was a very odd blunder on the part of the Mayor to invite Senator Sumner to attend the services. He might have known, after his sectional and incendiary speech, that he would have insulted the solid men of Boston in some way. And accordingly he wrote a letter, in which he had the assurance to suppose that the Declaration of Independence meant something. It would have been a premeditated affront to Mr. Everett if he could have known what the tenor of his discourse was to be. And he ought to have known that the true object of all well-regulated Fourth of July Orations is to show that it didn't mean anything—to construe it according to the principles of the Dred Scott Decision, to *Taneyise* it, in short, and to prove that it meant nothing less than what it said. Now the City Government had inadvertently fallen into the error of inviting improper persons on two occasions to deliver the Oration—the Rev. Mr. Alger and Mr. George Sumner—who outraged the sensibilities of Our First Men by the shocking deductions they drew from this document, and who had their just punishment therefor, the first culprit having never had "Thank ye" for his pains to this day, and the second barely getting one thrown at his head after it had been spoiled by keeping. But, in these cases, the City Fathers might be supposed incapable of imagining such depravity on the part of any human being, and therefore the calamity that came upon them might be looked upon rather in the light of a misfortune than a fault. But to encourage Senator Sumner to ventilate his treasonable heresies in Faneuil Hall, and even to give the toast he sent, hoping the time would come when there would be no distinction made between black men and white (for that was the English of it), was a little too bad. I wonder that Mr. Everett was able to stand it. It shows more *stamina* than he has credit for.

Our own celebration at Framingham was a great success. As it had rained in the night and persevered in the same impropriety of conduct until near time to start, we did not augur very well for the numerical [illegible] without our hosts, or, rather, without our *guests*, for I think we have seldom had a goodlier company. Perhaps there would have been more had the heavens dried its eyes over the shortcomings of the nation a little earlier. It is probably owing to the fact that there was one place in the country on which it could smile that induced it to clear its brow and give the rest of the region the light of its countenance. The rare satisfaction at our Independence Meetings is that one is sure to hear something original in the way of Fourth of July speeches, and we had plenty of that luxury this time. But as I suppose you will publish the speeches in full, I need not spend my time in spoiling them beforehand. What gave particular zest to the meeting was the unexpected appearance of Senator Wilson on our platform, it being, I think, his first appearance for many years on that stage. He had no intention whatever of speaking; but was called out by a remark of Mr. Ford Douglass touching Mr. Lincoln, and, after giving his views on that point, he proceeded to argue the Republican philosophy of action. His speech was a manly and fair one on his side of the question, and, though we could hardly take his party at his own account of it, we respected him for being willing to come into our assembly and defend it. Mr. Garrison and Mr. Pillsbury replied to him, and the episode—which, indeed, made up the chief of the Epic—was a very enlivening one, though it prevented us from hearing from several speakers we had depended upon listening to. The scene in the grove was very picturesque, and the company evidently had the best of times.

Last Saturday, Dr. Hayes's Expedition cleared from this port for the North Pole and a market. There is something that appeals strongly to the imagination in the thought of this little vessel, scarcely bigger than a pleasure yacht, audaciously plunging itself in "the thrilling regions of the thick-ribbed ice," bent upon solving one of the great problems of Nature in those mysterious regions which have kept aloof from the curiosity of man from the beginning of the world. I do not think I should care to go myself, and I am not sure that, if it depended entirely upon me, whether I would take the responsibility of sending other men in my stead. But as they are bent upon going, and as their purpose is honorable, I can cheerfully bid them God speed and watch for their return with curious interest. Many more volunteers offered than Dr. Hayes could employ, who asked for no pay or privilege, excepting that of sharing his adventurous enterprise. This certainly shows that there is some other motive principle of action in this country besides the almighty dollar. Perhaps the time will come for calling it out in other fields of action. You know it was said, when Captain John Ross came home, that when he came to the North Pole and thought he was the first man on the spot, he found a Yankee there before him, straddling across it, whittling off the end with his jack-knife. I told Dr. Hayes this story, and, though he did not vouch for its historical accuracy, he accepted it as an omen that *he* was to be that prefigured Yankee! I trust he may.

D. Y.

Our Washington Correspondence.

Washington, July 10, 1860.

I could not willingly close my winter's correspondence without a few additional words. When I wrote my last letter, Congress was upon the eve of adjournment, which it accomplished without much trouble, or neglect of the public business. The slaveholding Senate, as usual, accomplished a fresh subjugation of the popular branch of government—the House of Representatives. The House demanded the old mail facilities in the distant free States and Territories. The Senate, always the enemy of cheap postage and abundant post-offices, refused to restore the mail service suspended by a Kentucky slaveholder. At the very same time, the Senate put on a new service in the slaveholding States; and when the rub came, the House backed completely down, and the Senate not only conquered on the question of mail facilities, but also got its new Southern route into the bill! You see Congress and the people are so used to slaveholding triumphs that, with *the power* to defeat the despots, still, occasionally, the slaveholding aptitude for control will tell in spite of all efforts to the contrary. Now, in this case, the House, with proper spirit, would have let the Post Office bill go to the dogs sooner than submit to such insolent dictation. Most persons were surprised that on Monday morning John Sherman, who had before stood up boldly against the Sen[illegible] leader in the inglorious retreat.

Now, in very many things, particularly towards the close of the session, the Republicans have shown pluck in the very teeth of the fire-eaters, forcing them down with resolutions of censure and anti-slavery speeches calculated to make rogues, of the peculiar type raised in the Southern States of this Union, wince and writhe unpleasantly. Give every man and party its due. The Republican party in Congress is a *vast* improvement upon any which has preceded it, or any which are cotemporaneous with it. It is, in the first place, *an anti-slavery party*. The truly great men, the working men in it, in Congress, hate slavery, some with intensity, but all decidedly—all the *live* men, I mean. But there are large numbers of weak men in the party, in and out of Congress, who call themselves Republicans, who will be its destruction, if possible. They are afraid of any decided anti-slavery action, are corrupt in matters of legislation, and stand ready to sell out any day to the highest bidder. Unless the genuinely anti-slavery men in Congress are vigilant, the above-mentioned corrupt class will bring down to disgrace and ruin the Republican party. Such a fate is inevitable without the greatest watchfulness, and the continued thunder of criticism which The Standard and *Liberator*, and the great orators of the old anti-slavery school, pour upon all men who are either pro-slavery or make any pretensions to anti-slavery. Let the politicians deride the Phillipses and Cheevers, The Standards and *Liberators* as they please, when they are in Washington; these very politicians, when they come before the people in the recesses of Congress, stand in awe of the sentiment-makers.

According to present prospects, the Republicans will elect their candidate for President next fall. Then comes the most perilous crisis of the party. Will it, the moment it attains to power, grow ashamed of the principles which have given it strength? There are indications, and plenty of them, already, that such will be the case. If so, the party will be smashed to atoms before it has had office a twelvemonth, and will never be heard of again. The boast of the slaveholders is that the new anti-slavery party will be corrupted by the sweets of office—that its opposition to slavery will be forgotten amid the revel of power and office. Said Millson of Virginia, in substance, "I do not fear your warfare upon slavery. If you get power, you will busy yourselves in passing high protective tariffs, and in quarrelling over the spoils of office." Mr. Millson is one of the most sagacious men who ever got into Congress. He even voted *against* the repeal of the Missouri Compromise, predicting at the time that it would be the worst act the South could commit, so far as her peculiar institution was concerned. Events have proved the truth of his prediction. Let us hope that his last one may prove a blunder.

If Mr. Lincoln is a firm, unyielding man, he may carry our Administration safely through the perils which will surely surround him and it on every side. If he vacillates, if he cannot say no to the importunate, and if he fears a threatening, insolent slaveholder, he might as well never enter the White House, for if he does, it will be to come out of it in disgrace. For my part, I do not hesitate to say that, with all my fears, I still have high hopes of his Administration, and of the Republican party. No matter what the result may be, this Presidential canvass cannot fail to aid the anti-slavery cause. The Whig party and the American party are defunct. This contest explodes the infamous Democratic concern, and even if the newest and best of the parties goes down in the general wreck, something better will come up in its place. So, whatever betides next autumn, the slave can lose nothing, but will surely gain.

Avon.

The London Times occupies once more the "bad eminence" of a place in our pro-slavery department. Read its disgraceful commentary upon Mr. Sumner's speech; and read as well the admirable reply of the London *Daily News*, which will be found among our "Selections" this week. The effrontery of *The Times*, in assuming to utter its pro-slavery vaticinations, and strike at Mr. Sumner "in the name of English abolitionism," would do credit to any champion of the Slave Power on this side of the Atlantic.

Dr. Cheever leaves for Europe this day (Saturday) in the Adriatic. Those who wish to give him the parting hand, with an assurance of their sympathy with him in the purposes of his voyage and in the noble stand he has taken as a champion of freedom in the pulpit, are invited to take the steamer May Queen, which leaves the foot of Hammond street at 10½ a. m., and the Collins Wharf, foot of Canal street, at 11 a. m. The steamer will accompany the Adriatic down the bay. Tickets for the excursion—50 cents—to be had at this office.

PENNSYLVANIA FAIR AND NATIONAL ANTI-SLAVERY BAZAAR.

The Managers of the Pennsylvania Fair and National Bazaar to their Coadjutors in Great Britain and Ireland:

Dear Friends: We write but to "stir up your minds by way of remembrance," not to address to you argument or entreaty relative to the importance and arduousness of our work, or our need of your coöperation. On these points you are well informed, and need no word of ours. Standing, as you do, outside the charmed circle with which the Slave Power has surrounded the commercial and political classes of our country, you can, more easily than they, exercise a clear vision and a righteous judgment respecting the character of our national sin and curse, and the remedies which are proposed for it. Your generous contributions to our Anti-Slavery Bazaars have proved the heartiness of your coöperation in our enterprise.

Our next Fair will be held in December, 1860, in the city of Philadelphia. It is desirable that the boxes containing contributions of our European friends should be forwarded as early as the middle of October. We especially request those who have these boxes in charge to direct them to Mr. Rowland Johnson, New York. By compliance with this request they will save both labor and expense to the friends of the cause here. In answer to inquiries relative to the kinds of goods best suited to our market, it may be suggested that ready-made clothing is less salable than other articles usually contributed to our Fairs. The demand for articles of use and those of ornament is nearly equal.

For all gifts which come to us fraught with a blessing on the American slave, we are grateful—for his sake, as his representatives; for our own, because they are cordial messages to us of God-speed in our labors.

On behalf of the Managers,
Sarah Pugh,
Sarah A. McKim,
Philadelphia, June, 1860. Mary Grew.

PERSONAL.

Mrs. Stowe, it is now said, has completed the new story on which she has been at work for a year past. Some of her admirers, who have seen the manuscript, pronounce it superior to any of her former productions. It may be looked for in *The Atlantic Monthly*.

Wm. Wells Brown is now on a lecturing tour in Vermont, where he intends remaining for a long period. He will visit the principal towns. All communications for him should be sent to the care of Rev. N. R. Johnston, Topsham, Vt.

A correspondent of *The Tribune*, writing from Peterboro, says: "Gerrit Smith is in more perfect health than for many years past. I have never seen him so vigorous, both in mind and body." This statement will give pleasure to thousands in every part of the land—to the friends of freedom, indeed, everywhere.

We are informed, on what we deem reliable authority, that the widow of John Brown has not yet received $30,000, or any other sum, from Hayti. Donations of coffee, to be sold for her benefit, have been, we understand, consigned to parties in this country, for her benefit; but how much may be realized from such sales is as yet uncertain.

The Boston *Atlas and Bee* says: "The services at Music Hall, Sunday forenoon, July 1st, were conducted by Mr. E. H. Heywood, a young man of very marked talent and promise, and a graduate, we believe, of Brown University. The subject of his discourse was 'Ideas and Institutions.' The central argument of the discourse was, ideas have progressed in the world, not by the aid, but in spite of institutions; in other words, that in proportion as institutions had declined, civilization advanced. Mr. H. is destined to high position and an honored career, we cannot doubt."

Nah-nee-bawe-qua, an Indian Princess of the Ojibway tribe in the British possessions of the North-west, who was in New York, in April last, on her way to England, was received by Queen Victoria on the 19th ult., at the Palace. She was accompanied by Mrs. Alsop, of London, a member of the Society of Friends. The Prince of Wales and others of the Queen's household were present. The Queen subsequently instructed the governess of her children (who is a member of the Society of Friends) to address a letter to the Indian Princess, expressing the satisfaction the Queen felt in meeting her, and say that her complaints should receive prompt attention and redress. Nah-nee-bahwe-qua took with her some pretty articles of Indian manufacture, as presents to the Queen's children, which were presented. They were accepted, and doubtless appreciated.

Hon. Owen Lovejoy, a few days since, visited his friend Gerrit Smith, at Peterboro. A correspondent of *The Tribune* says:

"Although the notice of his coming was short, yet at eight o'clock in the evening an audience of several hundred ladies and gentlemen had assembled in front of Mr. Smith's mansion to listen to a short address from the distinguished stranger. Mr. Smith welcomed Mr. Lovejoy in a speech of unusual eloquence. He spoke of the esteem in which he had long held Mr. L.; of his faithful services in the cause of human freedom, and alluded in a most touching manner to the fate of his noble brother, who was murdered by a pro-slavery mob at Alton, in 1837. Mr. Smith then introduced Mr. Lovejoy to the people, who received him with acclamation. Though quite weary, Mr. L. made a powerful speech of about an hour, upon the principles of the Republican party. He handled the Democracy and Douglas without the least ceremony, and was warmly cheered by the audience throughout his speech. At the close of his remarks a vote of thanks was passed to the speaker. Afterwards, a large number of the ladies and gentlemen of the place took the opportunity to pay their respects to Mr. L., and spent an hour in conversation under the hospitable roof of his host."

The following paragraph is from *The Newcastle* (England) *Chronicle*:

"Madame Jessie White Mario, who is well known in England for her enthusiastic attachment to the Italian cause, sailed with her husband, Alberto Mario, for Sicily, in the vessel that took Col. Medici's contingent. This is one of the ships alleged to have been taken by the Neapolitans. Madame Mario went to Italy above a year ago, but her thorough republican sentiments, and the ardor with which she always proclaimed them, made her not one of the most desirable residents in Central Italy, where the struggle between the Sardinian and the old reactionary parties was pending; and, after undergoing a short imprisonment, from which she was released by the special desire of Garibaldi, she withdrew to Switzerland. This was last July, and since then she has resided in Lugano, and employed herself by writing for the press. Her husband is a member of a very old and influential Venetian family. He was an officer under Manin, in the siege of 1848-'49, and was exiled from Piedmont for the part he took in arranging Pisacane's expedition to Calabria, in 1857."

Summary.

The Charleston *Mercury* urges its readers to procure a copy of Mr. Sumner's late speech, and give it a most careful perusal, that they may understand the character of their political associates more thoroughly.

A Skilful Surgical Operation.—Dr. C. Van Rensselaer Creed, a colored physician of New Haven, Conn., removed, a few days ago, very successfully, an unusually large cancer tumor from the womb of a white lady of that city, who is now doing very well. Dr. Creed is called upon almost daily to perform some difficult surgical operation. He purposes, at some day not distant, to visit Europe, for the purpose of availing himself of the advantages presented by the medical institutions of London, Paris, Heidelberg and Vienna.—*Anglo-African.*

For the Benefit of Editors.—The proprietors of "Our Home," a water cure, located in Dansville, Livingston County, kept by Dr. Jackson, formerly of Glen Haven, publish, through the columns of the *Herald* of that place, an invitation to all editors of newspapers throughout the United States who are sick, to become at any time their guests, without charge, for three months, to take a course of treatment for that length of time. It says: "Those of you who are addicted to the use of tobacco, ardent spirits, drug poisons, tea, coffee, or opium, and would like to be relieved from your dependence on them, to you we extend this invitation."

A Model Dun.—Is not this the most delicately done dun that ever was done? It is a circular to delinquent subscribers from our cotemporaries of the New York *Home Journal*, and is certainly a model in its way:

Home Journal Office, 107 Fulton Street,
New York, ——, 1860.

Dear Sir: In the hurry of your engagements, you have doubtless overlooked and forgotten, as a trifle, the small sum of a year's indebtedness to *The Home Journal*; but, as rivers are kept running by the drops of falling dew, so it is necessary to our continuance that the falling dew should come punctually to the fountain head. By dropping your dew into the post-office, for us, you will oblige,

Yours with respect, Morris & Willis.

The Southern Planters.—Francis Parton says—"travel twenty-four hours into the Southern States, and then get ten miles away from the railroad, and you have arrived at sixty years ago. You are handling the implements, you are enjoying the usages, you are contemplating the caste of character, you are eating the viands, you are sitting in the fire-places, you are snuffing the candles of the year 1790. Often, too, you will have the heart-felt satisfaction of observing, particularly in North Carolina and Tennessee, that along with the primitive manners and customs of another age have been preserved the primitive health, feelings and virtues—a certain hearty, honest, homely dignity of character, which we have heard our great-grandfathers possessed. Everything is done slowly at the South, and people have time to live, to grow fat, and to grow old."

Slave Law.—The Wire Grass (Georgia) *Reporter* starts the following question regarding the captured negroes at Key West, to wit:

"Whether the General Government has any legal right to introduce negroes from Africa into any of the States whose laws forbid such introduction without qualification; and if they do, whether the State authorities have not the legal right to dispose of them as provided by their statutes, the same as if introduced by an individual?" *The Reporter* says: "Our opinion is that the argument is decidedly on the part of the State. It has been ruled in New York that if slaves are carried there, only for transportation, they become free. If this is sound doctrine, it is also sound doctrine that if a free negro is introduced into Florida, no odds by whom, from the moment of his or her introduction he or she becomes liable to all the laws and regulations of the State enacted in that behalf."

The Joliffe Will Sustained—Property Awarded to Emancipated Slaves.—On the 21st of May, 1855, a North Carolina planter arrived at this port, in a steamboat, having with him seven slaves—a woman and six children. This man, whose name was Elijah Willis, had treated the negro woman as his wife, and he acknowledged all the children as his own. His object in coming to this State was to emancipate these slaves. Previously he made a will, leaving his property, valued at about $60,000, to the woman and her children. Immediately upon stepping upon the wharf at this place, he fell dead. The will was soon thereafter discovered, and Mr. Jolliffe of this city proceeded to North Carolina to secure the property for the woman and her children. His presence there caused much excitement. The heirs at once commenced proceedings to have the will set aside, and they were successful in the lower court. The case was carried to the Court of Appeals, and on the 21st of May last that tribunal reversed the decision of the lower court, thus sustaining the will, and securing the property to the legatees.—*Cincinnati Gazette.*

Out of the What's it's Name into the What d'ye call it.—Well may those old Whigs who, on the decease of the Whig party, went into the Democratic, in order to escape the slavery agitation, exclaim: "Oh! where shall rest be found—rest for the weary soul?" It does not now appear where this rest is to be sought and found. The party to which they fled is split into factions by the same old question. Never, in the contests to which slavery has given rise in this country, has there been a fiercer struggle on that question than those of Charleston and Baltimore. Neither faction has any chance for achieving power. The Bell and Everett party is too evidently a resort for political invalids to attract them. The Republicans are very nearly as much devoted to the slavery question as the Democrats are. Where shall these poor fellows go? "Which way they turn is hell," or something like it. They must learn that the slavery question is in all parties, and that it will be while slavery exists; and then, perhaps, they will make up their minds to follow the old Whig general who leads the Republican forces in this campaign. They can thus get into a party that will live as long as they do, at least.—*Springfield Republican.*

Southern Fears.—It seems reasonable to suppose that the ghost of John Brown was laid. As the fences and defences of Virginia had been doubled, and a special edict issued against permitting cows to run at large after a certain hour of night, it was generally understood that that particular State was safe from invasion, and with this assurance apprehension ceased, for none other was thought to be in danger. And yet it seems that Missouri is now trembling in anticipation of a raid, and the inhabitants are called upon to arm themselves with shot-guns, scythes and other impromptu weapons for the defence of their property. A "wealthy citizen of Jackson County" has smelt the negro afar off, and, following the lead of his nose, he discovered a stone building not far distant from Lawrence, guarded and garrisoned, with loopholes for attack, and all the ammunitions and provisions of a fort. Negroes, like dusky shadows, were seen gliding around in the interior. "The plot was revealed," says the Kansas City *Enquirer*, "by an old woman who was in possession of the facts." How happy Missouri must be, in the knowledge that watchful women have an especial eye to her welfare! If the same veteran brigade can be induced to mount guard, the borders of that State will never be troubled. The feminine battalion could at least milk all cows that evinced a disposition to overstep its boundaries.—*New York Times.*

A Drunken Governor.—*The St. Louis Democrat* of the 4th ult., has the following distinct notice of Governor Stewart:

"While artists are devoting their valuable time to the execution of busts of distinguished personages, it is a matter of no small gratification to the community at large that there is at least one distinguished individual who can commence, carry on and finish his own 'bust' with a degree of perfection seldom attained by the most scrupulous devotees of sculpture or painting. We allude to his Excellency R. M. Stewart, Governor of the State of Missouri. Robert was in town on Saturday last. No sooner had he arrived than he was waited upon by a large number of 'bosom friends,' headed by Bill Rose, of strychnine-whiskey notoriety. He commenced his artistic labors at an early hour on Saturday morning. By 10 o'clock a.m. his hat might have been seen hanging on his ear. By 10½ o'clock his capillary vegetation was dishevelled, and a portion of it covered his forehead. By 12 o'clock his coat was whitewashed by a wall which staggered against it. By 1 o'clock his Excellency was remarkably 'ferocious,' and was engaged in a spirited debate in a subterranean beer saloon with a Teutonic gentleman, whom he honored with certain dignified titles which we think best to omit, and by 2 o'clock Robert's nose had run itself against Teuton's fist, and, without injuring the bunch of fives, materially disfigured itself. At 3 o'clock Bill Rose was busily engaged in tying the nasal organ of the Governor of Missouri in a handkerchief, to preserve it for future use. The 'bust' was now complete, and any artist who can equal it will please notify us of his ability so to do."

Anti-Slavery Agitation in Democratic Meetings.—The Springfield Douglas meeting of Tuesday evening, though small, and largely made up of the inhabitants of Ferry street, Union street, and the Hive, was commendable and useful in one or two respects. The principal topic of the evening was slavery, Gov. Beach presiding. The doings of the pro-slavery Democrats at Charleston and Baltimore were not well spoken of. The concessions which the Democrats have already made to the South, for the sake of peace, were set forth, though not fully; and the fact that the South makes use of these concessions as a pretext for new demands yet more exorbitant, was spoken of feelingly. Mr. Gallagher stated a case for illustration that was telling. He stated that, by the Southern doctrine, if all the people of a new Territory were in favor of free soil, yet a single slaveholder could come in and control them all. His elucidation of this doctrine brought down the house. Heavy boot heels clattered applause, and Gov. Beach looked complacent. It was evident that all of them, Irish Catholics and all, were beginning to get into their heads the idea that it is not worth while to give up the control of our new Territories to slavery. A Democratic meeting, in which the subject of discussion is slavery, and the doctrines advocated and applauded are such as come within the Southern definition of abolitionism, and Gov. Beach presiding in such a meeting, is novel. But we hope they will have more such meetings, and a better attendance. The revolution will not be likely to go backwards; and as the eyes of the people get opened wide, they will be yet more surprised at the concessions that Northern Democracy has made to slavery, and will be yet more determined against future aggression.—*Springfield Republican.*

Advertisements.

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Miscellaneous Department.

FOR THE ANTI-SLAVERY STANDARD.

AGITATION.

I saw two fires, consuming
The outgrown waste of years;
I stood between, communing
With earnest hopes and fears:
I said, 'tis idle fuming—
And yet my soul shed tears.

Soft, infelt tears, that nurture
The fresh growth of the True;
That heal the open suture,
As the long-prisoned dew
Slow melts into the future,
To bring cerulean blue.

The crocus rises pointed
When it breaks the frozen mould;
It neither made nor wanted
The clod, so icy cold;
And yet, 'twas Heaven-appointed—
'Twas God that made it bold.

And now its blossoms, tender
As any nursling rose,
To hearts awakened render
The sweet thought of repose,
From bud so sharp and slender
That pierced the cold March snows.

Northampton, Mass., April 11, 1860. A. P. C.

SCHILLER.

An Address delivered November 10, 1859, in the Academy of Music, Philadelphia, on the occasion of the celebration of Schiller's Birthday.

BY W. H. FURNESS.

From The Dial.

When, by the rough steps of the German Grammar, and through the blinding mist of German Genders and Particles, and a disorderly crew of Irregular Verbs, the young American Student has ascended to the far-shining Palace of German Literature, and the gates of the majestic pile are thrown open to him, there stands upon the threshold, in

Elysian beauty, melancholy grace,

the first to welcome him, the immortal Poet, whose coming into the world one hundred years ago we are gathered this evening, in sympathy with thousands all over the world, to commemorate. There he stands, grave and benignant; and there hovers around him a brilliant retinue, the princely and heroic forms whom his genius transfigured and exalted to that Olympian sphere where the offspring of those demigods, the poets, dwell forever, shedding far and wide a gladdening influence over all our common work-day world. I need only name the immortal group, that, like a constellation glittering on the brow of night, will illuminate the intellectual heavens till those heavens be no more. Don Carlos of Spain, and Mary of Scotland, and Elizabeth of England, and Joan of France, and William Tell and Wallenstein, all summoned, with their attendant luminaries, from different lands, and transferred from the dim limbo of History, now shine all abroad with a life-giving power. And through them, the Poet, breathing his glowing thoughts, himself lives again, no longer in a frail mortal body, like that which he wore on earth, which the fire of his genius so soon consumed to ashes, and which only the bodily eye could discern, but he lives again in the ethereal life of the mind. That flows through his creations into the inner-life of all by whom those creations are appreciated; and so his life mingles with our life and intensifies it, and he lives no longer with men, but in them—being present, not in a form which our imperfect senses can perceive, but, far more intimately, in the life of the Intellect, of the Heart, of the Imagination, which is the life of life, and which he has made more abundantly ours.

Such is the style and bounty of the welcome which the great Poet gives us, by whom we are introduced into the opulent domain of German Literature, and from whom we received the first hint of its immense wealth. And what a more than royal greeting is it, generous, far beyond the wildest dream of Oriental munificence! A king shall welcome you into his kingdom and at his court with dazzling presents of chariots and horses, with chains of gold, and stars, and ribbons, and caskets, and miniatures of his own august countenance set in precious stones. But the Poet, when he receives you within the charmed circle of his works, bears you up on the wings of his genius, so that you may mount with him into the empyrean, where the most gorgeous regal equipage dwindles to the tinselled toy of a child. He does not deck your person with crimson and gold, but he decorates your inner being with incorruptible gifts—gifts which kings cannot buy—gifts which, once yours, are yours forever. He opens for you new and before unvisited chambers in your own imaginations, and illuminates them with splendors of his thought. No children's baubles, to please and then to weary the eye, does he give you. But he gives you, in a word, himself, his own imperishable life—not the breath of his nostrils which is so soon spent, but the divinity which is in him, which increases both our enjoyment and our power of enjoying, and which, the more he gives, the more he himself possesses.

This, true of all poets, of all men of genius worthily directed, is preëminently true of Frederick Schiller. As we become acquainted with his works, we become acquainted with him. We are impressed with a manly fulness of life in him, giving us assurance not of a mere artist or scholar, but of a man, a genuine man; and his manhood is signified by a pervading sincerity, a thorough earnestness. All that we learn of him is in keeping with this impression. Although in the familiar circle of his friends and family he was, as we are told, cheerful and gay, yet in public he was grave and reserved. He shrunk from the demonstrations of public admiration which broke forth at times irrepressibly. From all that I have ever read of him and of his works, he dwells now in my imagination in an attitude and with an air of personal dignity amounting almost to solemnity. What helps this impression is the fact that he appears to have been constitutionally devoid of humor and wit. At all events, his genius did not run in that direction. Almost the only passage in all his writings that implies humor is the Capuchin's Sermon in Wallenstein's Camp, and that is taken from the harangues of the eccentric old preacher, Abraham St. a Clara, as is apparent at the slightest glance to all who have ever read any of the old Jesuit's sermons, oftentimes mere strings of doggerel witticisms. The absence of humor would seem to be a very serious limitation of the Genius of Schiller. But what this true poet thus wanted in breadth was made up for in strength and depth.

But here, ladies and gentlemen, let me beg you not to be alarmed. I have no thought of attempting a minute description, a profound, critical, German analysis of Schiller's genius. I would not venture such an attempt on this occasion and in this presence, even if I were qualified therefor. I am referring now only for a special purpose to a characteristic of Schiller which the most superficial knowledge of his life and works brings us acquainted with. Profound explorations in the rich domain of his mind, and in its hidden elements, we may safely leave to his own countrymen. There is no fear that he, or any other great German man, will ever fail to be known through lack of being thoroughly studied. For if there is any one thing that our German brothers delight in more than in all things else, it is to plunge down to the foundations of things, and to tug at the heart of all mysteries. It is their favorite intellectual beverage. Why, if you were to send a clairvoyant at any moment to the centre of the earth, she would come back and report to you the impossibility of getting there, for the crowd of German philosophers busily burrowing after that mysterious spot. And if they had no other means of penetrating the secret of Schiller's genius, they would convert the Bell, which he has made so musical in his song, into a Diving Bell, and go down in it and bring up to us the unsunned riches of his nature.

But I—I am only an American, a New Englander, and so an American of the Americans, as we New Englanders, with our well-known modesty, account ourselves. And as our German friends love to dive down, our American weakness is to go ahead with telegraphic despatch; so we must needs skim over the surface, and keep our heads well above water. We have our notions, it is true, plenty of them. Of my native city, the proverb runs that Boston folks are full of notions. But then they are not notions that we dig for, with German patience and fidelity, in the depths, but notions that come to us for the most part floating on the tide—come to us perhaps from Germany itself, where they were thrown away long ago, and we snatch at them before we know whether they be true touch or not; or they come to us like birds of the air, which escape us almost as fast as we can catch them, leaving only some of their feathers in our hands, for which we console ourselves by sticking the feathers in our caps. Such is the amount of our notions—always excepting a few that some of my countrymen have to sell, and that are made solely for that purpose. Being so very rational, and so much in a hurry withal, there is so much to foster our infirmities on the surface, that it does not do for us to try to be very deep. When we do try it, we are apt to get our heels where our heads ought to be, and then we have considerable difficulty in telling the one from the other.

In the exposure to such a peril, I shall make no attempt to be either critical or profound, but seek only to illustrate and enforce what I just now said—namely, that the Poet, the man of genius, always gives us himself, his inner and best life. Such is emphatically the case with Schiller by tokens, which every one at all familiar with his works cannot fail to observe. In his life and his works, he fills us with the conviction that we are in communication with a man thoroughly in earnest. And it is the men thoroughly in earnest, be it in literature or in affairs, that always go straight to the heart of the world, and take possession of that metropolitan position, and enthrone themselves there. There may be all sorts of obstacles in their way, but these only serve to whet their strength and so to accelerate their progress. They may be violently resisted in their approach to the great centre and citadel, opposed by brute violence and forbidden to advance. But it is the capital of their hereditary kingdom. It is theirs by the grace of God, and they must reach it. And opposition is a great deal worse than useless. The more violent it is, only the more powerfully does it assist them, for it serves to call out and emblazon their royal natures. Their bodily life may be crushed out of them. But while that is wasting away, the invisible life of them escapes; and slowly but grandly expanding, as it goes, to the dimensions of the world, it finds the hearts of mankind everywhere open and waiting to receive it, and there is a new element of vitality in the atmosphere. You can no more imprison and destroy that than you can chain and extinguish the light. The earnest man is born and predestined from all eternity to win that bloodless victory that crowns the vanquished as well as the victors.

To this company of born kings and conquerors Schiller belonged. He did not pursue Literature as an amusement. It was the most serious, the religious work of his life. No soldier ever went into battle with more earnestness of mind than Schiller obeyed the command of his genius, forsaking, in defiance of ducal authority, all things for the sake of Literature,—"looking upwards," as he himself afterwards counselled the artist to do, "looking upwards to his dignity and the law, and not downwards to his happiness and his wants." "Something majestic," said he, "hovers before me as I determine now to wear no fetters but the sentence of the world, to appeal to no throne but the soul of man."

In this quality of Honesty, Schiller calls to mind another illustrious German writer, likewise distinguished for the singleness of his aim, Gotthold Ephraim Lessing, who has been styled a continuation of Luther. And Lessing, like Schiller, teaches us, as very few literary men do in these days, that no genuine Literature is or can be child's play—no, not even that form of literature, the Drama, which, as popularly conceived of, exists mainly for purposes of amusement. They teach us that Literature is as earnest a work as is done under the sun; that it demands valor and strength, and that, when it is faithfully pursued, it revolutionizes nations. It was in the department of the Drama, or in connection with it, that both Lessing and Schiller rendered eminent service to the highest interests of all Literature—aye, and of Humanity itself. What Schiller's services in this direction were, let William Tell and Joan of Arc and Wallenstein bear witness. And what Lessing's were, whoever wishes to know let him read what this noble literary Reformer wrote, in his office of critic of the Hamburg Theatre, nearly one hundred years ago, when Schiller was less than ten years of age, and when the most distinguished men of letters in England had no idea of the intellectual splendor which was then irradiating Germany. At that time Voltaire and French Taste reigned in Germany with a despotism so complete, that to question their authority seemed hardly less than insane. Bold as it was, Lessing commenced the assault upon the Voltaire dynasty, and with the very weapon of ridicule, in the use of which the Frenchman was held to be the champion of the age. But Lessing's wit, as Henry Heine says, "was no little French greyhound that runs after his own shadow; it was rather a great German tom-cat that plays with the mouse—before he devours it." It was not wit alone, however, although of the keenest, that Lessing employed against the high authority of Voltaire. He unmasked upon him a perfect battery charged with principles of the soundest morality and the purest taste; and as the artificial fabric of French thought cracks and tumbles before it, those Hamburg criticisms stir the heart like the roar of a great battle. And amidst the flash and the smoke we descry the French Usurper, stript of his regalia to the skin, and put to ignominious flight, and Shakspeare, the Magnificent, coming to reign in his stead. "Far off his coming shines." The grand intellectual Revolution, which Lessing thus initiated, was chiefly due to the fervent sincerity, to the genuineness of the man, to that quality which distinguishes Schiller so impressively, and which, in Schiller's writings, brings us into inspiring communion with a living man, so that it is as if we looked into his beaming face and were thrilled by the tones of his voice.

This is the essential merit of this true Poet, the warrant of his poetic authority, such as is only now and then, once or twice in an age perhaps, accorded to men. This it is that makes our heart leap to do him honor and to hail him as a benefactor and a friend. The poetic element is all but universal. The divine seed is in us all, but Poets, worthily so called, are by no means so common in the world as it would seem to be thought. Versifiers we have in abundance, male and female—very graceful and delicate versifiers too, but only versifiers. It is a lamentable confusion of ideas, and an unauthorized stretch of courtesy, to name them poets. The truth is, that the making of verses, the stringing together of sentiments, caught by hearsay or remembered from the copy book, to some musical and popular measure, with the due number of jingling rhymes, is a thing to which, as Edward Everett has remarked, all young ladies and gentlemen at a certain age are liable, just as children are apt to catch the measles, and "the utmost their friends can hope for is that they may have them lightly." The best mode of treating the disease—(the common dictates of humanity justify me, ladies and gentlemen, in making this brief digression—I anticipate your thanks)—the best mode of treating the disease is to regard it as such, and without either checking it too violently or unduly fomenting it with application of parental pride, let the eruption come well out. Great care must be taken lest it should strike in; for although death may not ensue, yet, what is sometimes worse, the disease may become chronic. And then woe betide those who fall into the hands of an incurable versifier! They not only have to listen, they must applaud too; and this is one of the most painful alternatives which our poor human nature can be reduced to. There goes a legend that one of these unfortunate versifiers, after having exhausted all mortal patience, unable to find a soul on earth so regardless of its own sanity and peace as to consent upon any terms to listen to his verses, actually sold himself to the Evil One on condition that that personage would come and let him read to him. The compact was made, but after an hour or two's reading, the listener discovered it would not pay, and begged to be let off from the bargain.

But seriously, versification may be a graceful accomplishment, a decoration that betokens talent, but it implies no creative power. It gratifies the fancy and the ear perhaps, but it is a very different thing from the work of the poet, which is an inspiration and no manufacture, and ought never to be mistaken for it, as it so often is. How many writers have we, styled poets, who are not even good versifiers!

The Poet, as the word imports, is a maker. He creates. But I am not going to attempt in few words, or in many, to define the Poet and Poetry. The essence of this divine gift is as indefinable, and as much defies all language and all imagery, as the Divinity whose inspiration it is. The Poet's eye rolls and flashes with fine fancies; but it is something more than fancies to which he gives form and life. His ear is in fine accord with the music of verse; but he is in fuller unison with harmonies which no ear can hear. He tells us only what we instantly recognize as already in our hearts; and yet through him the universal heart of Humanity throbs and dilates with a new life, and all men are greater than they were for his words. In vain do you search for his power in any arts of language, although he is master of them all; and words are never his fetters, but the wings on which he soars singing, filling heaven and earth with his songs, and fanning as he rises the hot brow and cooling the fevered heart of the world with the airs of Paradise. As little constrained by critical rules as any bird on the trees, he reveals those deep laws of thought and expression to which, by the instinct of his genius, he renders a free and filial obedience. He stands here in the ever-various and ever-moving world of Nature and of man in the dignity and wisdom of his manhood, and yet with the open heart of a little child; and that heart is a magic chamber from which everything that enters there returns with music and in beauty, to charm mankind and awaken into activity whatever is best and greatest in their nature. He is, in fine, an incarnation of the life and love of things. His is among the very highest offices in the great Commonwealth of Humanity. And he is all this chiefly because his eye is single and his whole being full of light.

Thus Schiller has done a Poet's work in the world. Has done, do I say? His influence is active now. It is unceasing and immortal. He kindles noble sentiments in men, through sympathy with the same sentiments breathing through his words. We feel, we cannot choose but feel, that what he says he says because he himself believes it and knows it. It is no hearsay, no matter of tradition or conformity, but the genuine emotion, the unborrowed convictions of his mind. So that

—all he writes becomes him as his own,
And seems as perfect, proper and possest,
As breath with life, or color with the blood.

Such is the potent charm of all personal influence. In Literature it makes us sensible of a presence behind and above the printed page. It renders a word, spoken or written, as telling a stroke of character as a deed. It is this that has made the words of Luther to be called "half-battles," and Luther's Hymn the Marseillaise of the Reformation. It signifies and represents the man in the heroic action and attitude of his manhood.

The poetry of the present day seems greatly devoid of this living personal power. It is fanciful, or it is metaphysical. It astonishes and delights with its surprises, or it overawes us with a sublime obscurity, or dazzles us with multiplicity of ornament and sparkling turns of thought and expression. It has little in common with the homely, rugged strength of Ancient Poetry—of the old Greek tragedies, for instance, where one act of concentrated passion, in unadorned simplicity, blazes out from "the burning core" of human nature, a part and portion of the inmost life of all men; and, therefore, of universal and everlasting interest. Have we much poetry of this kind in modern times, always excepting some of the old English Ballads and Shakspeare? But Shakspeare (thanks to German genius for helping us to understand him)—Shakspeare is an exception in all things, uniting, as he does, the insight of a god with a fancy of inexhaustible variety, and a boundless humor, and a perfect command of all the harmonies of expression. His mastery over whatever he touches is so complete that it is all mere play, the play of a child as genuine as it is joyous.

But in sincerity, in earnestness of meaning, in truthfulness, Schiller is second to none. This gives him his power. Thus inspired, a true poet, once more I say it, he gives us, not merely fancies or melodies, but he imparts himself to us, transfusing his own convictions warm and glowing into the hearts of men, so that they throb and swell with a new life. Who now can compute the gift? Who can measure and repay the service, the generous service which a true poet, like Schiller, renders us! Honor, immortal honor to him! Be his memory glorious forever!

Schiller thus adds another to the grand attestations that we have to the fact that the great men of our race are the next of kin to all men. The highest are blood-relatives of the lowest. We are accustomed to look upon great men, the men of rare and beneficent genius, as dwelling high up, apart from the common mass of mankind, as beings of different mould, cut off from all real sympathy [illegible] little men who would be great, [illegible] up upon some official pedestal to make themselves so, deem it a sign of greatness to despise their fellow-men, to look with contempt upon human nature. Whereas it is only ordinary men, men of feeble sympathies and faculties, who stand apart, aliens, strangers to one another, dumb, unable to communicate. And what with our mediocrity and the many things there are to separate man from man, we should be strangers to one another forever, were it not for the men of genius, the great and the strong, who have in them, not a different nature, but only more than common of the divine stuff which we are all made of. These it is—these great ones—who come close to us, breaking through all artificial distinctions, because they have power to affect us. They are able to reach and stir into activity the dynamic forces, the primal instincts of our better nature. They awaken a new life in us. We are begotten by them into a loftier condition of existence. They are our spiritual fathers, and we are their children. As one touch of Nature, only one, makes the whole world kin, how close is the kindred when Genius touches us with its searching magnetism, and touches us in the marrow and the quick? Then the whole world become not merely kin—then the whole world becomes one.

Men of Genius, then, are the vital elements, the creative forces of the world's power and growth. Thus Shakspeare is the soul of English Literature, the animating principle of English Thought, and the life of the Saxon Race. And whatever civil changes England may suffer, England can never die, so long as the genius of Shakspeare lives in the mind of the nation. Though it were conquered and overrun, it would conquer its conquerors, just as the genius of Grecian Eloquence and Philosophy triumphed over all-governing Rome, and crowned the ancient Queen of the world with a brighter glory than the blood-stained renown of her arms.

Thus the power of Genius annihilates all national distinctions, and brings together the most remote in the brotherhood of universal Humanity. To this splendid triumph of Genius, this hour and this assembly bear most significant witness. Brothers and sisters, where are the distinctions that separate us from one another to-night? They all vanish in the presence of him whose genius we now celebrate. There are no Germans here now. There are no Americans, either native or naturalized. A true Poet, by the mere necessity of his great nature, has levelled all the partition walls of language, all the differences of race, and gathered us here now as born citizens of the boundless Fatherland of the Intellect, an Empire in comparison with which the conquests of Alexander, of Cæsar and of Napoleon are but a small, out-lying, barbarian province, and where he who serves all most faithfully, and shall reign over all most gloriously, be he of what country he may, and where accordingly, in the same broad spirit in which we are now met, "a shining procession of kings," as they have been called, German kings, Lessing, and Wieland, and Herder, and Göthe, and Schiller, and Tieck, and Schlegel, "have, one after another, thrown their votes into the urn, and," forgetful of all national distinctions, and anticipating his own countrymen, "elected" the Englishman, "William Shakspeare, Emperor of all Literature," Emperor for life—and his lifetime is Eternity.

It was no barren sceptre with which Shakspeare was thus invested. Under his imperial reign, German Literature was rapidly advancing to a state of high culture for nearly half a century before the best minds in England surmised what a resplendent fabric of literary genius and art was rising on the German soil. But it was not Shakspeare alone that was read in Germany. All the eminent classical names of English Literature soon became familiar as household words among the scholars and writers of Germany, and this when the German mind was looked upon in England as wild and barbaric, and translations of German books were deprecated as a new eruption of the Goths and Vandals. Through the darkness of English prejudice and ignorance the clear beams of Schiller's genius were among the first to penetrate. He is still among the first to inspire us with admiration and respect for the mind of his country, and he weaves the tie which binds us together to-night.

To him, then, we render the homage of our veneration and grateful love. We recognize in him one of the chief dignitaries of the Imperial Realm, one between whom and Shakspeare there stands no other of equal dramatic power—one whose influence shall prove to be, in the words of our immortal Emperor himself,

"A hoop of gold to bind us brothers in,
That the united vessel of our blood
Shall never leak, though it do work as strong
As aconitum or rash gunpowder."

We are here this evening celebrating the advent of a noble and munificent spirit into our world one hundred years ago, November the 10th, 1759—November the 10th, memorable two hundred and seventy-six years before as the birthday of the great Head of the Protestant Reformation. The coincidence of these birthdays is not without significance. Luther was not only the leader of the great religious movement of the 16th Century, he is accounted by German scholars, in his translation of the Scriptures, as the creator of the modern German language; a language, the principle of the mere articulation of which—namely, that all possible justice must be done, in pronouncing it, to the sound of every letter—is in fine accord with the downright honesty of Luther, who created it, and of Schiller, who, through this noble instrument, has poured into our minds the beauty and the music of his genius.

Thus, already under obligations to Germany for the great miracle of the Printing Press, we acknowledge on this birth day of illustrious men the gift of the Protestant Reformation and the gift of the language of Schiller.

The death of Schiller, which took place in his 46th year, is memorable as well as his birth. It well became him—the manner of his departure. When the inevitable hour came, he bade farewell to his family and friends, and when one asked him how he felt, his reply was: "*Calmer and calmer.*" Once afterwards he exclaimed: "*Many things are growing plain and clear to me.*" And then he fell asleep in the fulness of his fame. His death was felt throughout Germany and Europe to be a great public loss. "According to his own directions," says a German authority, "the bier was to be borne by private citizens; but several young artists and students took it from them. It was between midnight and one in the morning when they approached the churchyard. The overcast heaven threatened rain. But, as the bier was set down by the grave, the clouds suddenly parted, and the moon, coming forth in peaceful clearness, threw her first rays on the coffin of the Departed. They lowered him into the grave; and the moon again retired behind her clouds. A fierce tempest of wind began to wail, as if it were reminding the bystanders of their great, irreparable loss."

But though, in the words of the now venerable Uhland,

—months and years have vanished duly,
And round his grave the cypress grows,
And those who mourned his death so truly
Themselves have sunk in death's repose;

Yet, as the Spring is yearly showing
Its pomp again and fresh array,
So now, all young again and glowing,
The Poet walks the earth to-day.

Back to the living hath he turned him,
And all of death has past away;
The age, that thought him dead and mourned him,
Itself now lives but in his lay.

FOR THE ANTI-SLAVERY STANDARD.

LIFE.

Why should we fret the hours away
That make up life's brief span?
There's work enough for us to do,
To help our brother man.

The world will find us work enough
To give us all our part,
Let us but throw aside our fears,
And nerve our sinking hearts.

Humanity demands our aid
On every field of life;
And we should put our armor on,
And nobly join the strife.

What though the sea of life be rough,
And tempests rage around!
The darkest hours will soon be past,
A harbor safe be found.

If we our duty strive to do,
We need not fear for fame,
For ours will be a rich reward,
More noble than a name.

The glorious martyrs of the Past,
Whose names will never die,
And those who walked in humbler paths,
Are watching us on high.

To imitate their noble lives,
And stand up for the right,
With fearless heart, and manly arm,
Should be our chief delight.

For he who wins a martyr's crown
While struggling here below,
Will find a martyr's seat above,
Secure from toil and woe.

Though slothful ease may please awhile,
It cannot last for aye;
The life most sure to please ourselves
Will smooth another's way.

Our days on earth are few, at most,
And pass too quickly by;
[illegible] moments we should gather up,
[illegible] them as they fly. J. H. M.

THE OLD ELM TREE ON BOSTON COMMON.

From The Boston Journal.

There is not a native Bostonian who will not deplore the loss of this tree. It is associated with the sports of childhood, and is as familiar to the sight as the dome of the State House. It has grown up with Boston from its earliest infancy, and seems as much a part of it as the very peninsula upon which the city is founded. It is a tree which has a history, which is concisely related by our fellow-citizen, Dr. Nathaniel B. Shurtleff, in the following interesting sketch, prepared at our request:

It is not often that an occurrence of such small importance as the destruction of a tree will cause so much sorrow and regret as will the dismemberment of the great tree of the Boston Common, which event occurred yesterday, the twenty-ninth day of June, at about 6½ o'clock in the evening. During the afternoon the appearance of the heavens indicated a storm of no ordinary character—and indeed it came, and few will ever forget it, for the injury it has done.

The great fall of water, together with an uncommon gust of wind, broke down the limbs of many trees throughout the city, not even sparing those of Paddock's Mall, which had so recently escaped the threatening axe. The great tree, the pride of Bostonians, and perhaps the most noted of its kind on the continent, suffered with the others; and, after standing for centuries, the oldest of the traditionary relics of the days of our forefathers was in a few moments shorn of its beauty and its magnificent proportions, to linger out, it is feared, a few years longer, a maimed and displeasing existence, the evidence only of the violence of the storm which has destroyed it.

Much has been said and written about this noted elm, the product of our own indigenous forests. It has had its rivals; among which has been the far-famed elm of Pittsfield, remarkable for its gigantic height, and for having a trunk one hundred and fourteen feet high below its first branch; and the Aspinwall elm in Brookline, famous for its enormous and wide-spreading roots, and for the great size of its trunk. But both of these, also, have been shorn of their glory by storms that have passed harmlessly by the Boston elm.

Although the tree attained a great age, and an uncommon size, it was more for its beautiful proportions and graceful limbs than for age or size that it gained its notoriety among those who had paid particular attention to the trees. But the tree has associations connected with its history which will always keep it in remembrance. During the revolutionary struggles of America this tree was one of the places of constant resort of the Sons of Liberty, who frequently caused it to be illuminated with lanterns on evenings of rejoicing and on festal occasions; and it also served the purpose of exhibitions of popular feeling and indignation, for many has been the tory who has been hung in effigy from its branches. Very near this tree occurred the first duel in Boston, between Benjamin Woodbridge and Henry Phillips, so graphically described by Mr. Sargent in his "Dealings with the Dead"; and beneath its branches have been enacted many a scene of youthful valor, in days that have been long past, on the holidays of election and independence.

It would be difficult to affix to the tree even an approximate age. It has been known as far back as tradition can go, and is represented on the oldest map of the town known to exist. It is reasonable to believe that it was growing before the first settlement of the peninsula. In the year 1855 it was accurately measured by the city engineer, who recorded the following dimensions: "Height, 72½ feet; height of first branch from the ground, 16½ feet; girth, one foot above the ground, 22½ feet; girth, four feet above the ground, 17 feet; average diameter of greatest extent of branches, 101 feet." Earlier measurements show that the tree continued to grow as long as it stood. The latest measurement, taken by the writer last spring, gave 24 feet girth at the ground, 18 feet 3 inches at three feet, and 16 feet 6 inches at five feet—showing an increase of only about 5 inches in girth in 16 years.

Many of the old inhabitants can well remember when there was a cavity in the trunk sufficiently large to allow boys to secrete themselves in it; but this has almost entirely been closed up by the good treatment and care which have been given to the tree. In the summer of 1831 the tree was much injured by the violence of a storm, and its largest limbs were so much cleft asunder as to allow them to rest their branches upon the ground; but they were subsequently, at much cost and labor, restored to their former position, and were sustained in place by iron bolts and braces.

The exact amount of injury the tree has sustained by the storm of yesterday cannot be estimated. Its beauty has been destroyed without hope of renewal; and it is extremely doubtful whether anything can be done to save the part that now remains standing.

As soon as the storm abated, the rumor that "The old Elm Tree is blown down" spread rapidly through the city, causing hundreds of citizens to go to the spot and see for themselves. To their regret, they found the rumor but too true; and very many who visited the locality of the venerated tree secured portions of the fallen limbs, to preserve among the choicest of the relics of olden time.

The late Dr. John C. Warren, formerly President of the Boston Society of Natural History, published, in 1855, for circulation among his friends, a small quarto volume, describing the elm, in which he says that there is nothing improbable in the belief that it is more than two hundred years old. He says:

"But, as it was certainly the Great Tree in 1729 and 1722, we may indulge the belief that it sprung up previous to the settlement of Boston; that it cast its protecting shade over the heads of our earliest American ancestors; and that even the native inhabitant of the soil enjoyed the protection of its wide-spreading branches.

"This tree, therefore, we must venerate as a visible relic of the Indian Shawmut; for all its other native trees and groves have been long since prostrated; the frail and transient memorials of the aborigines have vanished; even the hills of Trimountain cannot be distinguished; and this native noble elm remains to present a substantial association of the existing with the former ages of Boston."

A good Editor, a competent newspaper conductor, is, like a general or a poet—born, not made. Exercise and experience give facility, but the qualification is innate, or it is never manifested. On the London daily papers, all the great historians, novelists, poets, essayists, and the writers of travels have been tried, and nearly every one has failed. We might say all; for, after a display of brilliancy, brief, but grand, they died out, literally. Their resources were exhausted. "I can," said the late editor of *The Times* to Moore, "find any number of men of genius to write for me, but very seldom one man of common sense." The "Thunderers" in *The Times*, therefore, have, so far as we know, been men of common sense. Nearly all successful editors have been men of this description. Campbell, Carlyle, Bulwer, and Disraeli failed; Barnes, Sterling, and Philips succeeded, and De Lane and Lowe succeed. A good editor seldom writes for his paper—he reads, judges, selects, dictates, alters and combines; and to do all this well, he has but little time for composition. To write for a paper is one thing—to edit a paper another.

Foreign Gleanings.

A Sketch of the Life and Character of Sir Robert Peel, by the Right Hon. Sir Lawrence Peel, is in preparation. This will be the first biography of the great statesman which will have owed anything to a member of his family. Sir Lawrence Peel is a first cousin of the late Sir Robert Peel, and from 1842 to 1855 occupied the post of Chief Justice of the Supreme Court of Calcutta.

A literary discovery of some importance has been made at Liverpool. A papyrus, brought from Thebes by Rev. Henry Stobart, and now in Mr. Mayer's Museum of Antiquities, was found to contain the 19th chapter of St. Matthew written in the Greek Uncial character, which gives a new version of the long-misunderstood part of the 24th verse, relating to the passage of a camel through the eye of a needle.

A worthy Scotch couple, when asked how their son had broken down so early in life, gave the following explanation: "When we began life together we worked hard, and lived upon porridge and such like, gradually adding to our comforts as our means improved, until we were able at length to dine off a bit of roast meat, and sometimes a boilt chuckie (or fowl); but as for Jock, our son, he began where we had left off—he began wi' the chuckie first."

A London publisher advertises exact fac-similes of "Seven Curious Old Newspapers," published between the years 1640 and 1679, announcing the execution of Charles the First, the death and funeral of Oliver Cromwell, the great fire of London, with interesting notices of Nell Gwynne, Dryden, Bunyan, the intrigues of the Court of Charles the Second, extraordinary occurrences in various counties, with very droll and interesting advertisements.

M. de Lamartine's complete works will appear in Paris, published by himself, in an *Edition personelle, définitive, unique*. They will comprise forty volumes, of from 500 to 600 pages each; in the course of four years the work will be complete. The price will be 300 francs for the whole, if paid in advance at the delivery of the first volume (*Meditations, Poétiques et Religieuses*); otherwise every yearly course of ten volumes will cost 80 francs. Every subscriber will receive Lamartine's portrait, with his autograph.

A French paper manufacturer has invented a new pack of playing cards. Each card represents some remarkable fact connected with the history of Napoleon I. or of Napoleon III. All the figures are of the same period, the costume is perfect, and remarkable for the execution and the brilliancy of the colors. The pack of cards is called *Cartes de l'Ere Imperiale*. In place of kings there are four emperors, including the Prince Imperial; four empresses, including the Empress Mother. In place of knaves, four Bonapartes, brothers of Napoleon I. For aces there are four islands, viz.: Martinique, where the Empress Josephine was born, the islands of St. Croix, Elba and St. Helena.

Statues of the Reformers.—Reitschel, the well-known sculptor of Dresden, is at present engaged in executing a monument in honor of Luther, to be erected at some place hereafter to be decided on. It is to consist of a statue of the great Reformer, eleven feet high, in bronze, to be placed on a lofty pedestal ascended by steps; the pedestal having on the platform statues of Frederick of Saxony, Philip the Magnanimous, Melancthon, and Reuchlin; also, on the steps leading to the platform, allegorical figures of several towns, including Magdeburg, Spires, and Augsburg. At the four corners are to be seated figures of Huss, Savonarola, Waldo, and Wycliffe. All the statues, like that of Luther, are to be in bronze.

Greenwich Observatory.—A new and magnificent equatorial telescope by the Astronomer Royal, Professor Airy, surpassing in magnitude any other in this country or in France, and nearly on a par with the celebrated instrument at Pulkowa, has just been erected at Greenwich. The size of the object glass is nearly 13 inches diameter, and the length of the telescope appears to be about 11 or 15 feet. It is so nicely balanced on its axis as to be movable vertically with the slightest touch, so that it can be elevated or depressed to the view of any object between the horizon and the zenith with such facility that it seems as if it moved self-supported in air, without the least friction on the supporting pivots.

Alexander Dumas.—The following fact is characteristic of the man. Just as he was leaving Paris for the railway, he called his servant and said: "Take these ten louis, and run to Ruggieri's firework manufactory. Ask him for suns, rockets, serpents and Roman candles, and bring them to me at the Lyons railway station, where I shall wait for you." The servant set off accordingly. A friend who happened to be present inquired, "What do you want those fireworks for?" "Why, to let them off in the Desert," answered Dumas; "you cannot imagine the grand effect produced by the illumination of the great pyramid."

The Zoological Gardens.—The Zoological Society of London have just received an important addition to their menagerie, in the shape of a fine living specimen of the gigantic Salamander of Japan, the largest known species of amphibian. This singular creature, which somewhat resembles a monstrous water-newt, inhabits the lakes of the basaltic mountains of Japan, where it was discovered by the Dutch naturalist, Dr. von Siebold, but, even there, is considered a scarce animal. It is famous as being the nearest living analogue of the Fossil Man or *Homo diluvi testis* of Scheuchzer (*Andrias Scheuchzeri* of geologists). The specimen is at present about three feet in length, and is the first of the sort which has been taken alive to England.

Sir Joshua Reynolds on Pope.—Sir Joshua Reynolds once saw Pope. It was about the year 1740, at an auction of books or pictures. He remembers that there was a lane formed to let him pass freely through the assemblage, and he proceeded along, bowing to those who were on each side. He was, according to Sir Joshua's account, about four feet six high, very hump-backed and deformed; he wore a black coat, and, according to the fashion of that time, had on a little sword. Sir Joshua adds that he had a large and very fine eye, and a long, handsome nose; his mouth had those peculiar marks which always are found in the mouths of crooked persons; and the muscles which ran across the cheek were so strongly marked as to appear like small cords.—*Malone's Memoir.*

Getting Round Sunday so as to Make a Bargain.—In a Dissenting chapel, near Barnard Castle, Britain, two farmers met. One of them, on his way to the chapel, had noticed a fine calf in his neighbor's field, which circumstance gave rise to the following conversation. Addressing his friend in a tone which he intended for a whisper, but which was loud enough to be heard for several yards round, he said: "Tommy, supposing it was Monday, what wad ye take for your calf?" "Why," replied the other, "supposing it was Monday, aw wud take two pound fifteen." "Supposing it was Monday, aw'l gi' two pound ten." "Supposing it was Monday, then, ye shall hev't." The bargain was thus concluded, and the calf was duly delivered on the following day.

Hatching Robins in a School Room.—The Staffordshire (English) *Advertiser* relates that, during the holidays of Easter week, a robin flew in at the open window of a school room in the village of Colwich, and built her nest between two parcels of books on a shelf. On the reassembling of the school the nest was shown to the boys, who were told not to molest the feathered intruder or her nest, and the window was kept open for her accommodation. Although there were nearly a hundred boys in the school daily, no mischievous hand was raised to interfere with the operations of the confiding redbreast, and she was allowed for five weeks to fly in and out unmolested, to lay her eggs and hatch her young, and at last to take them all off in safety. Her mate would not enter the school room, but would bring insects and other food to the window or a neighboring tree, where the female would repair to receive them.

A Novel Occupation for Women.—"All the difficulties regarding woman's sphere," says the *Aberdeen Herald*, "have been completely solved by a hitherto obscure and unknown sub-contractor on the Formartine and Buchan Railway—he has employed women as navvies. To see these buxom navviesses wheeling their barrows, and still retaining their natural regard for their invincible charms, betokened by broad paraphuie hats, is a sight, in this May weather, to do a philanthropic heart good. Doubtless, this is the most recent development of female industry; it opens up at once a vast new region, both at home and abroad, for the outflow of labor from its old effeminate channels. And it is confidently to be hoped that a monument of superannuated needles, reels, crochet-hooks, thimbles, and other female implements, irrelevant to social progress, may reward the genius which struck out this great discovery."

Prescience of the Rat.—There is a well-known proverb, that rats always desert a falling house. When H. M. S. Leander was brought into harbor after her voyage, in the year 1803, she was so infested with rats that a wholesale destruction of these four-footed pests was rendered absolutely necessary, not only for the comfort of the crew, but for the very safety of the vessel. The entire contents of the ship were therefore landed on the wharf; a number of chafing-pans filled with lighted brimstone were placed between decks; and, the hatches being battened down, the animals were soon stifled by the suffocating vapors. As soon as the preparations for this wholesome destruction commenced, the rats took alarm, and endeavored to make their way on shore by traversing the warps or ropes by which the vessel was made fast to the shore. Sentinels were accordingly placed by the warps, and furnished with sticks, so that, as soon as a rat came running along the ropes, it was speedily checked by a sharp blow, which struck it from its foothold and knocked it dead or dying into the water, where it soon perished.—*Routledge's Illustrated Natural History.*

The Sicilian Priests.—An Italian correspondent says of the revolt in Sicily:

"The great feature of the insurrectionary movement in its latest stage seems to be the almost universal participation of the clergy, and particularly of the monks of all orders, in it. This participation has begun to impart to it quite a religious, crusade-like character. The clergy uses every means in its power—public prayers, processions, sermons—to feed the flame of the insurrection. The convents give what they possess—money, wine, mules, horses, &c.; the religious seminaries of Monreale, Cefalu, Patti, Bronte, Nicosia, Mazzara, are deserted. Their youthful inmates have thrown aside the clerical garb, and are now carrying arms. The very organ-pipes have been voluntarily sacrificed by many parish priests for the manufacture of whatever rude instruments of war could be constructed out of them. At the same time Garibaldi seems to have been preceded by emissaries, who have strewn proclamations of his all over the island. Everybody—the large towns not less than the villages—is engaged in preparing for a general and contemporaneous outbreak, by which to celebrate and facilitate his arrival."

Tribute to Mrs. Hemans.—A beautiful tribute to the memory of Felicia Hemans has just been completed in St. Ann's Church, Dublin, where her remains repose, being a "Memorial Window," of painted glass, the cost of which was contributed by her admirers. It is of Renaissance glass, and the success of the artists is complete. The architectural features of the window comprehend two principal lights, with a bold circle and two curved spandrels above them. In each light two groups of figures in panels appear between as many smaller medallions. The subjects of the four groups are Miriam singing her Song of Triumph, the Presentation of the youthful Samuel by his mother, Deborah judging Israel, and the Salutation of the Virgin Mary by Elizabeth. The upper circle contains a fifth group, representing another Mary, seated at the Saviour's feet, and receiving from His lips the happy assurance that she has chosen the good part which should not be taken away from her. These figures are all carefully drawn, and they produce exactly the right pictures to be painted on glass. Architectural borders, designed after the manner of Raffaelesque decorative work, complete the window, and bind together its parts into a single whole.

Never Do too Much at a Time.—Sir Edward Bulwer Lytton, in a lecture recently delivered, gave the following history of his literary habits: "Many persons, seeing me so much engaged in active life, and as much about the world as if I had never been a student, have said to me, 'When do you get time to write all your books? How on earth do you contrive to do so much work?' I shall surprise you by the answer I make. The answer is this: I contrive to do so much by never doing too much at a time. A man, to get through work well, must not overwork himself, or, if he do too much to-day, the reaction of fatigue will come, and he will be obliged to do too little to-morrow. Now, since I began really and earnestly to study, which was not till I had left college and was actually in the world, I may perhaps say I have gone through as large a course of general reading as most men of my time. I have travelled much, and I have seen much; I have mixed much in politics and the various business of life; and, in addition to this, I have published somewhere about sixty volumes, some upon subjects requiring much research. And what time do you think, as a general rule, I have devoted to study—to reading and writing? Not more than three hours a day; and, when Parliament is sitting, not always that. But, then, during those hours, I have given my whole attention to what I was about."

Advertisements.

ANTI-TOBACCO TRACTS.—The following Tracts may be had at the Anti-Tobacco Tract Depository, Fitchburg, Mass., and also at the Methodist Bookstore, No. 5 Cornhill, Boston.

1. Is the Common Use of Tobacco a Sin? Addressed to Clergymen.
2. Amount and Cost of Tobacco to Church and State.
3. The Christian a Slave to Tobacco!
4. Rum and Tobacco; Twin Demons! An Appeal to the Sons and Daughters of Temperance.
5. An Epistle from Dr. Zeba Sproule to Ladies of the Upper Ten Thousand and the Millions Below, &c.
6. An Appeal to Young Men on Tobacco-using; by Dr. Coles.
7. A Word in Defence of the "Weed," and Fires by Pipes and Cigars.
8. An Appeal to a Smoking Divine.
9. An Appeal of Ladies to Railroad Corporations. Tobacco [illegible], &c.
10. A Reply to a Lawyer, who asks, "How shall I drop Tobacco and not suffer Death?"
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14. To the Christian Professor who raises Tobacco, who asks, "Is it a sin?"
15. A Sermon on the Pernicious Effects of Tobacco on Body, Mind and Heart.
16. The College Student and Tobacco. Why he should drop it.
17. Tobacco an Obstacle to Revivals and the Conversion of the World.
18. A Dialogue between Uncle Toby and a Street Smoker. For Schools.
19. The Zoological Convention; by Dr. Hitchcock.
20. The Rev. Solomon Spittle; strikingly illustrated by Pictures.
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22. An Appeal to Rev. Gardner Spring, D.D., on the Evils of Tobacco.
23. An Appeal to a Deacon who raises Tobacco on the Banks of the Connecticut.
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These Tracts should be spread through our families and schools, and in millions over the land. With the blessing of God they would do immeasurable good. How can a few dollars and a little labor be better expended?

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JOSEPH H. KENDERDINE, WARNER JUSTICE.

BOARDING HOUSE.—Respectable persons can be accommodated with genteel boarding, transient or permanent, by applying to the subscriber, No. 624 South street, below Ninth, Philadelphia. WILLIAM STILL.

TO THOSE WHO ARE UNWILLING TO SUPPORT SLAVERY.—During the last twelve years a store of free labor goods has been kept at the N. W. corner of Fifth and Cherry streets, in this city, for the convenience of those who wish to avoid the use of the fruits of slavery. It will scarcely be denied that the rejection of slave labor cotton, sugar and rice is a good testimony against slavery—fully as influential against that system as a refusal to pay militia fines or to purchase prize goods is against war. Will not those who are willing to make a sacrifice, if need be, to sustain their convictions on the latter subject, lend their influence in like manner against slavery? This is the only Grocery kept by a Friend in the city. Much care is taken to keep good Sugars, Syrups, Molasses, Coffees, Teas, Cocoa, Chocolate, Rice, Spices, Fruit, &c., and a variety of Dry Goods. The proprietor aims to sell as low as he can to sustain the business. With double the patronage, prices could be somewhat reduced; probably every article could be sold as low as similar goods in the market. Many are so sold now. Those who favor the Store with their custom, and procure their Teas, Coffees, Spices, Chocolate and Cocoa, &c., will find the articles good, and free from adulteration. On hand, Dried Peaches of superior quality.
GEORGE W. TAYLOR.

CONFECTIONERY—REMOVAL.—Leatitia Bullock respectfully informs her friends and the public that she has removed to No. 162 North Sixth street, below Race, opposite the old stand, where she is prepared to furnish ice creams, water ices, jellies, cakes, candies, &c., of every description and of the best materials, all the produce of free labor, and warranted to give entire satisfaction. Parties and families furnished at shortest notice. Orders sent to any part of the city.

PRIZE MEDAL awarded in London, in 1851, for his superiority over all others in the manufacture of Travelling Trunks, Carpet Bags, Valices, Gum Shoes, Coaches Hobby Horses, and sole leather, steel spring, iron frame, iron-bound Trunks of all descriptions, of the best materials and workmanship. Black Leather Enamelled Bags, at the lowest prices.
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120 Market street, N. W. corner Fourth, Philadelphia.

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Remember the Crescent, in Market, above 6th, No. 200. Phila.
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A LARGE assortment of SALAMANDER SAFES, of various sizes, always on hand, at No. 26 South Fourth street, Philadelphia. Warranted equal to any made in the United States. EVANS & WATSON, thankful for past favors, respectfully solicit a continuance of the same. Please give us a call before purchasing elsewhere. Patent slate-lined refrigerators, water filters, &c. A large assortment always on hand.
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